

"Not at the
top, but
climbing."

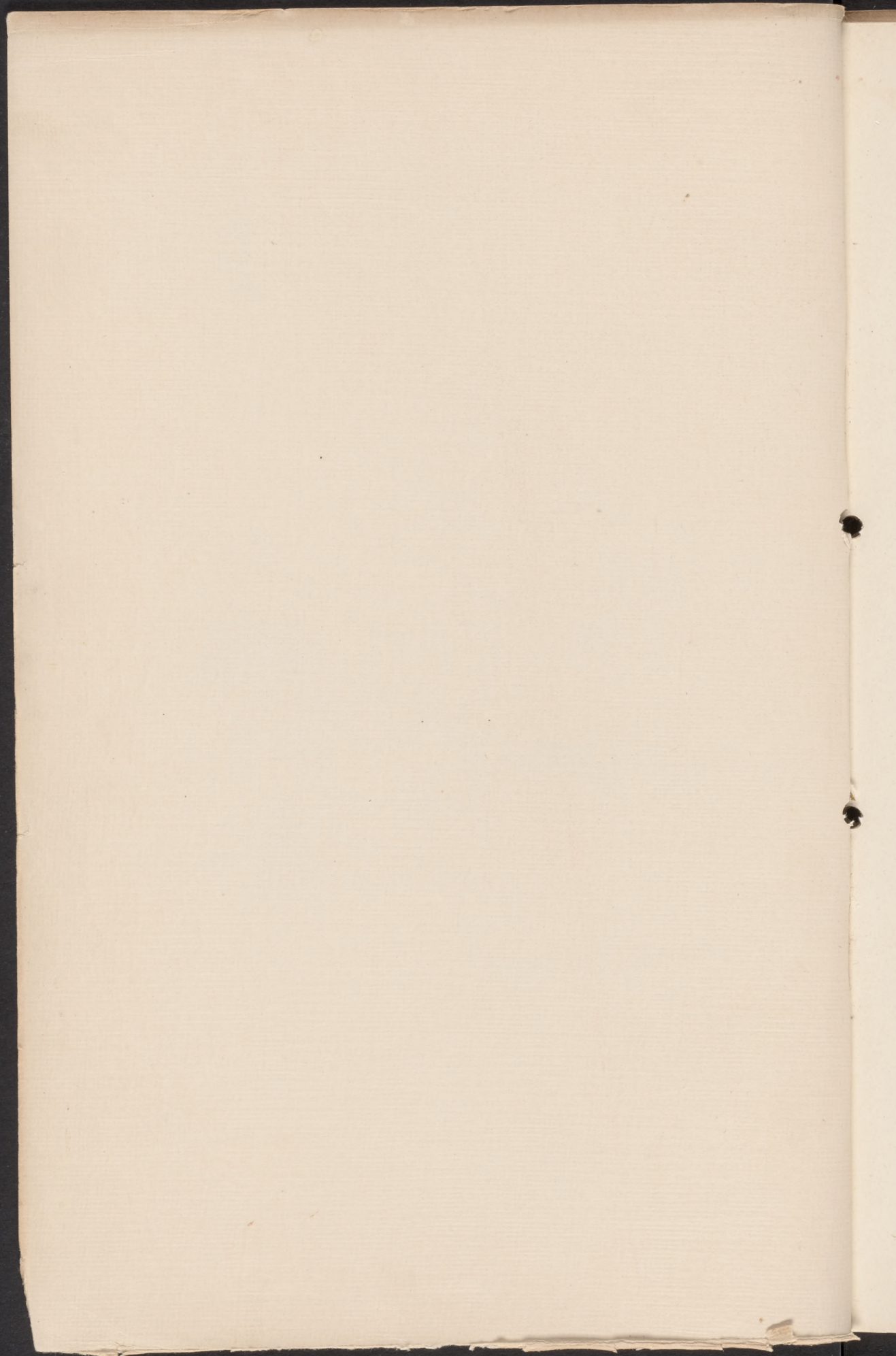
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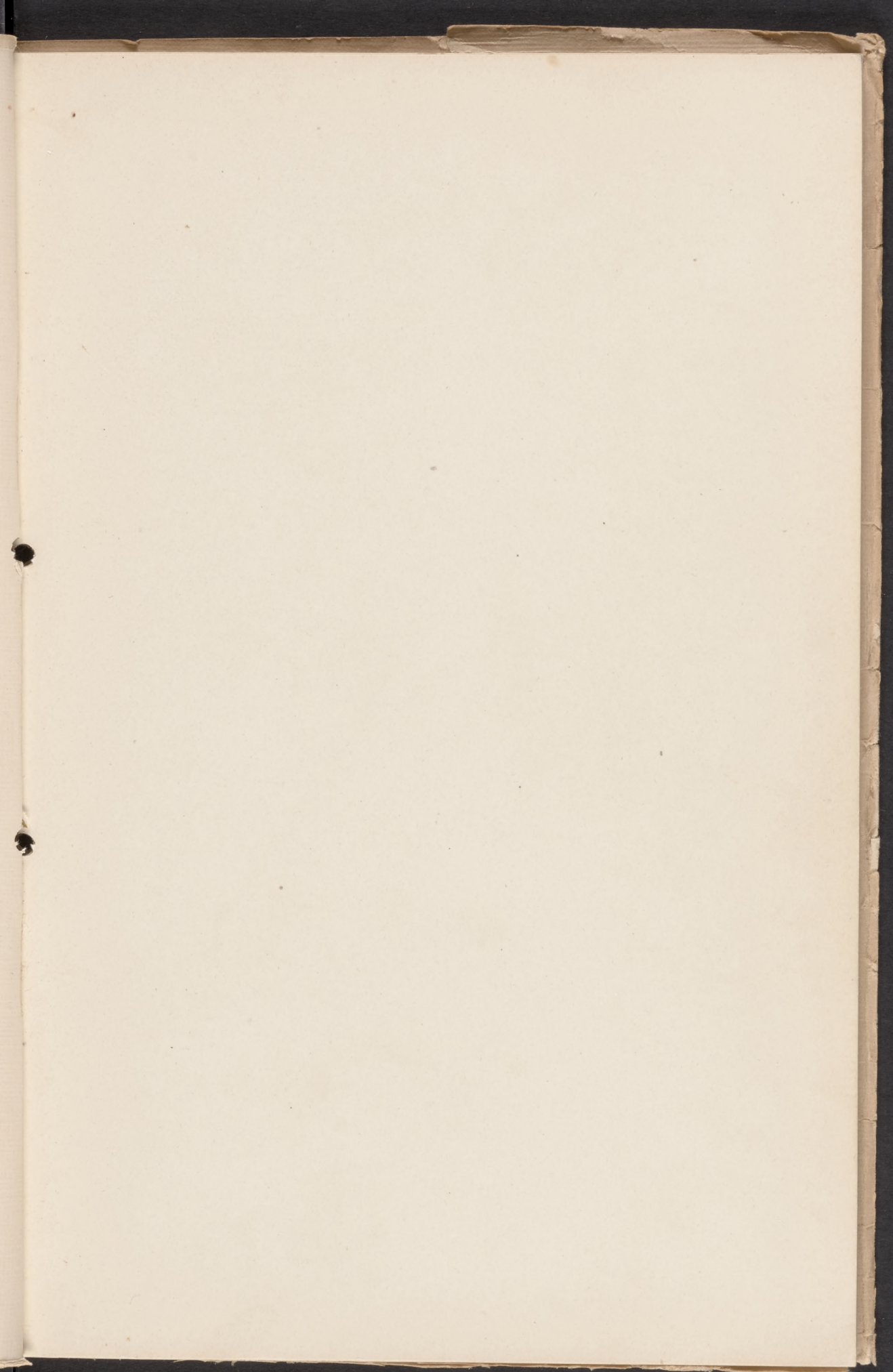
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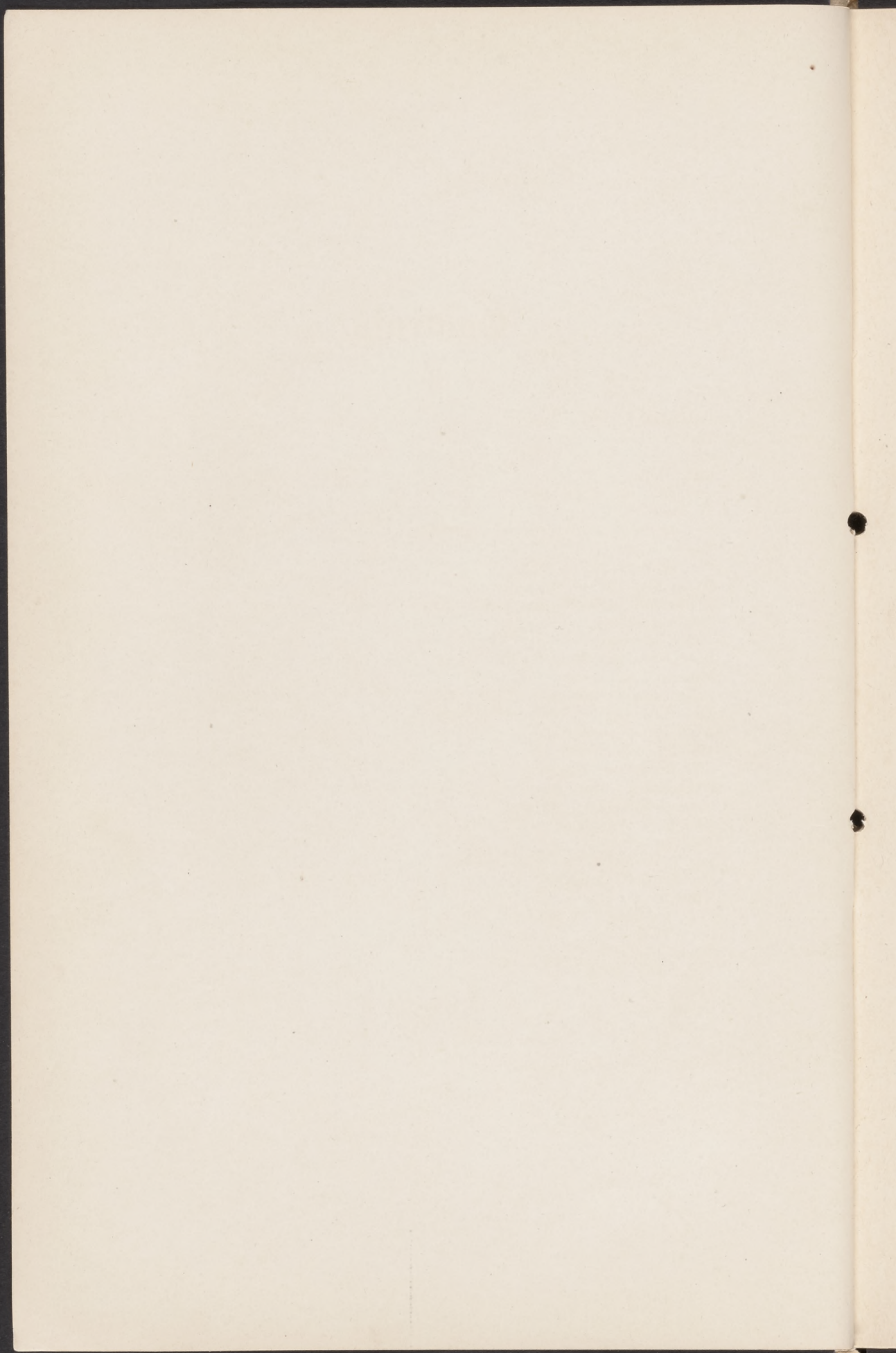
1908

Evans





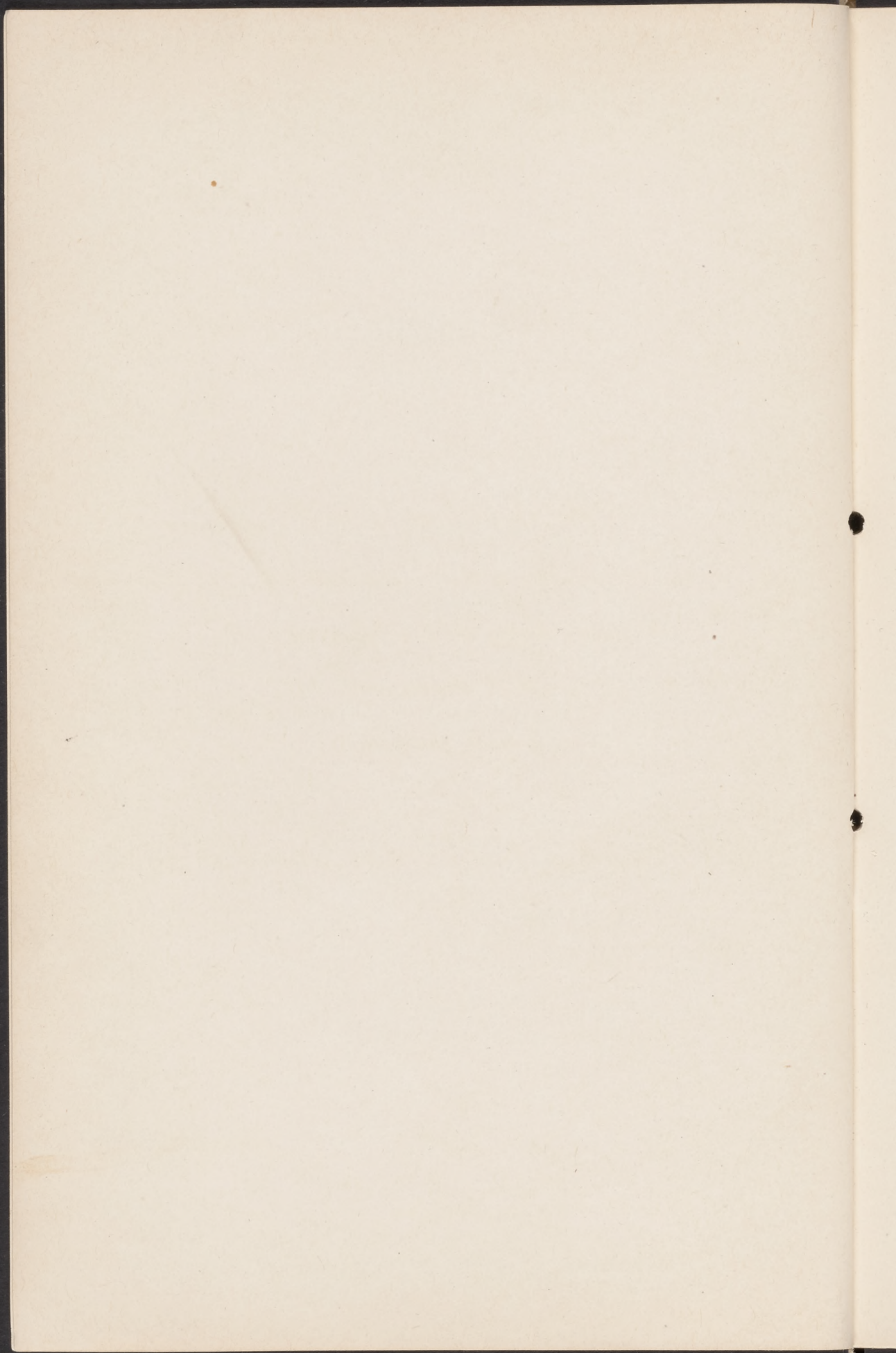




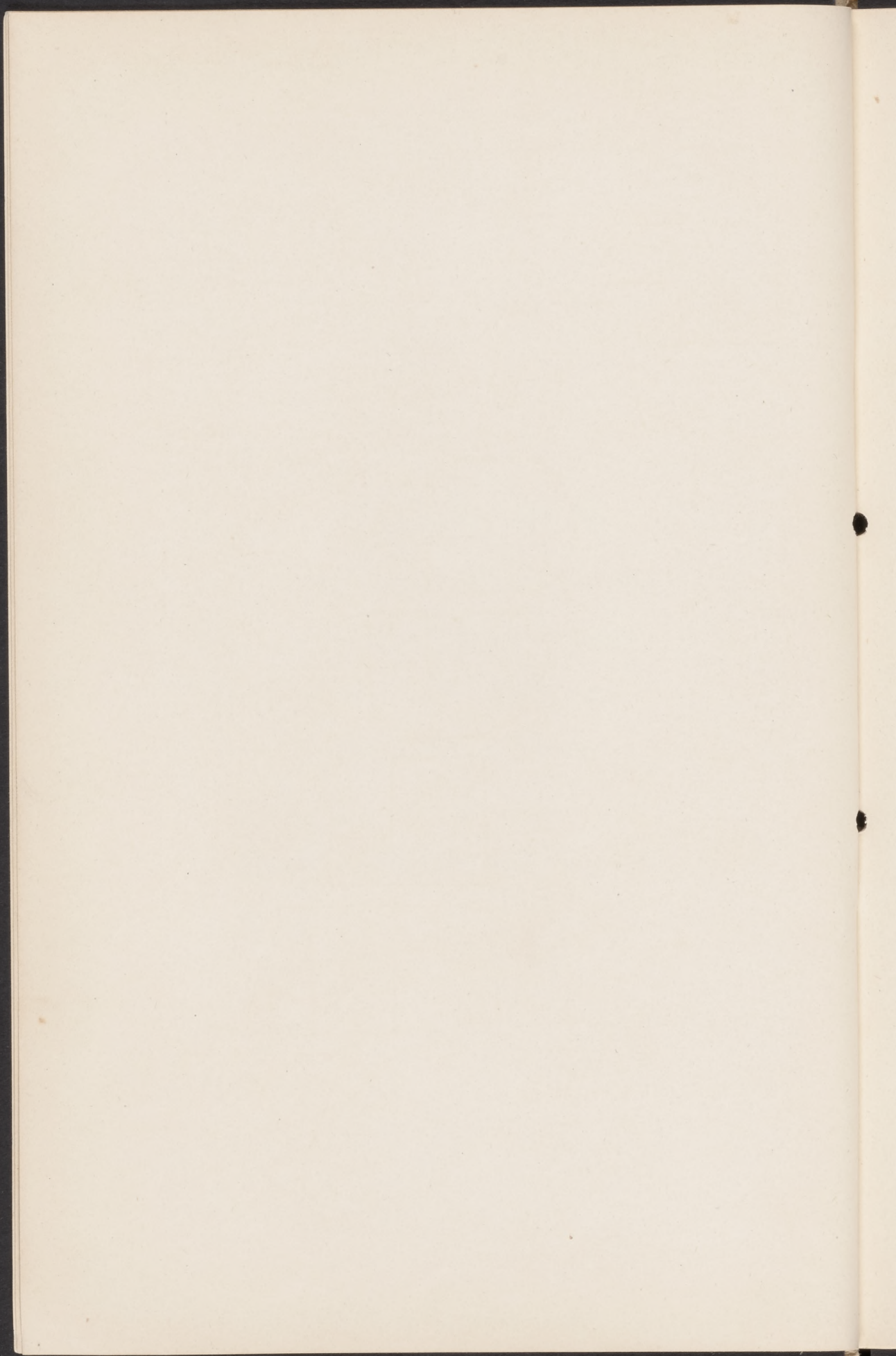
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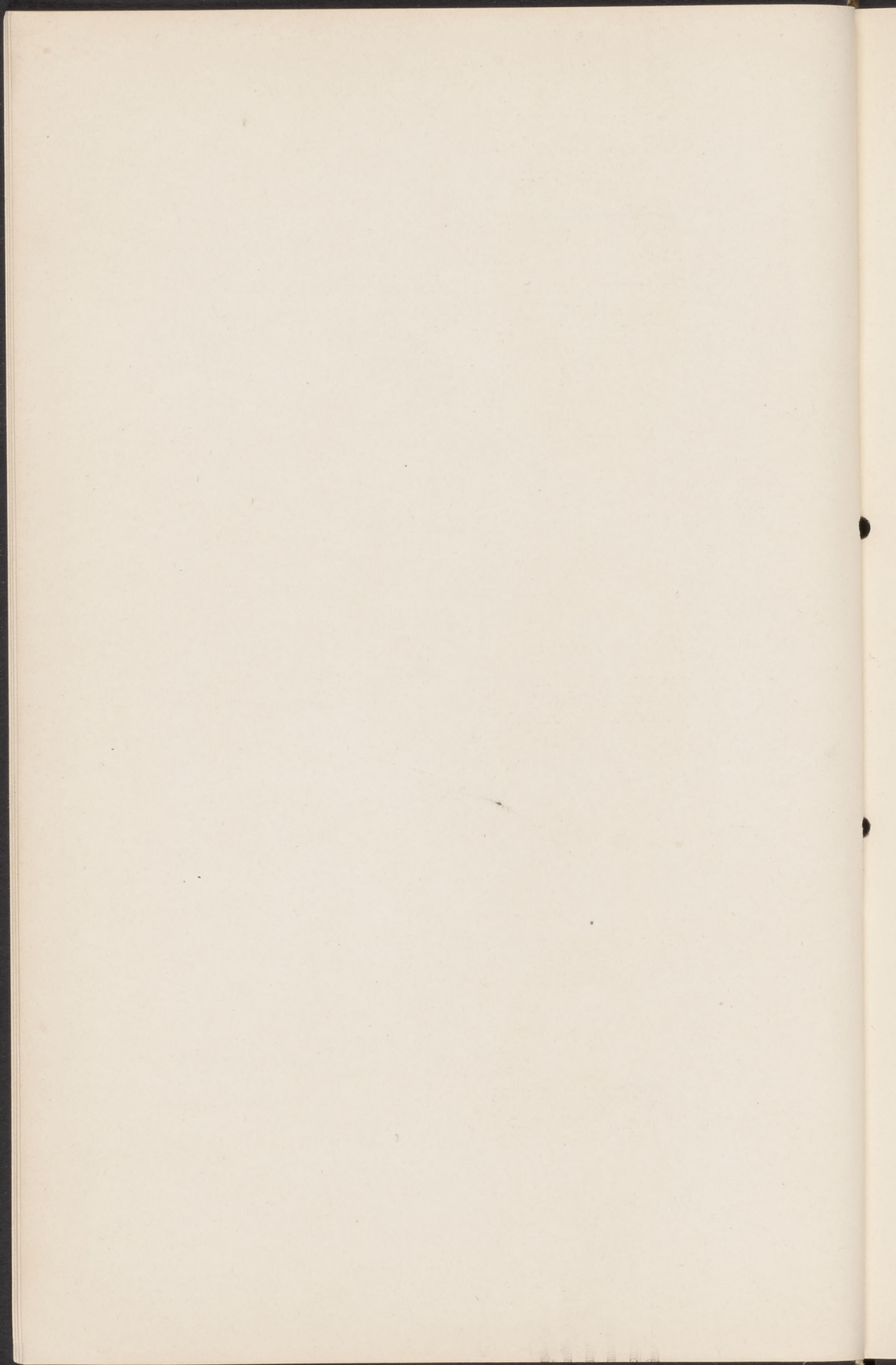


We, the Class of '08
in appreciation of the hearty cooperation
shown during the four years of
our High School course
do dedicate this volume
to
Professor James Blair Newell



FACULTY

R.E.





JAMES BLAIR NEWELL,

A. B. Stanford University.

A. M. Harvard University.



EMMA F. DANIELS,

B. S., University of California.



MARTIN SINGER,

A. B., Arkansas Cumberland University.

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HELEN MANSFIELD PERKINS.
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ALICE ELIZABETH WATKINS,
B. S., University of California.

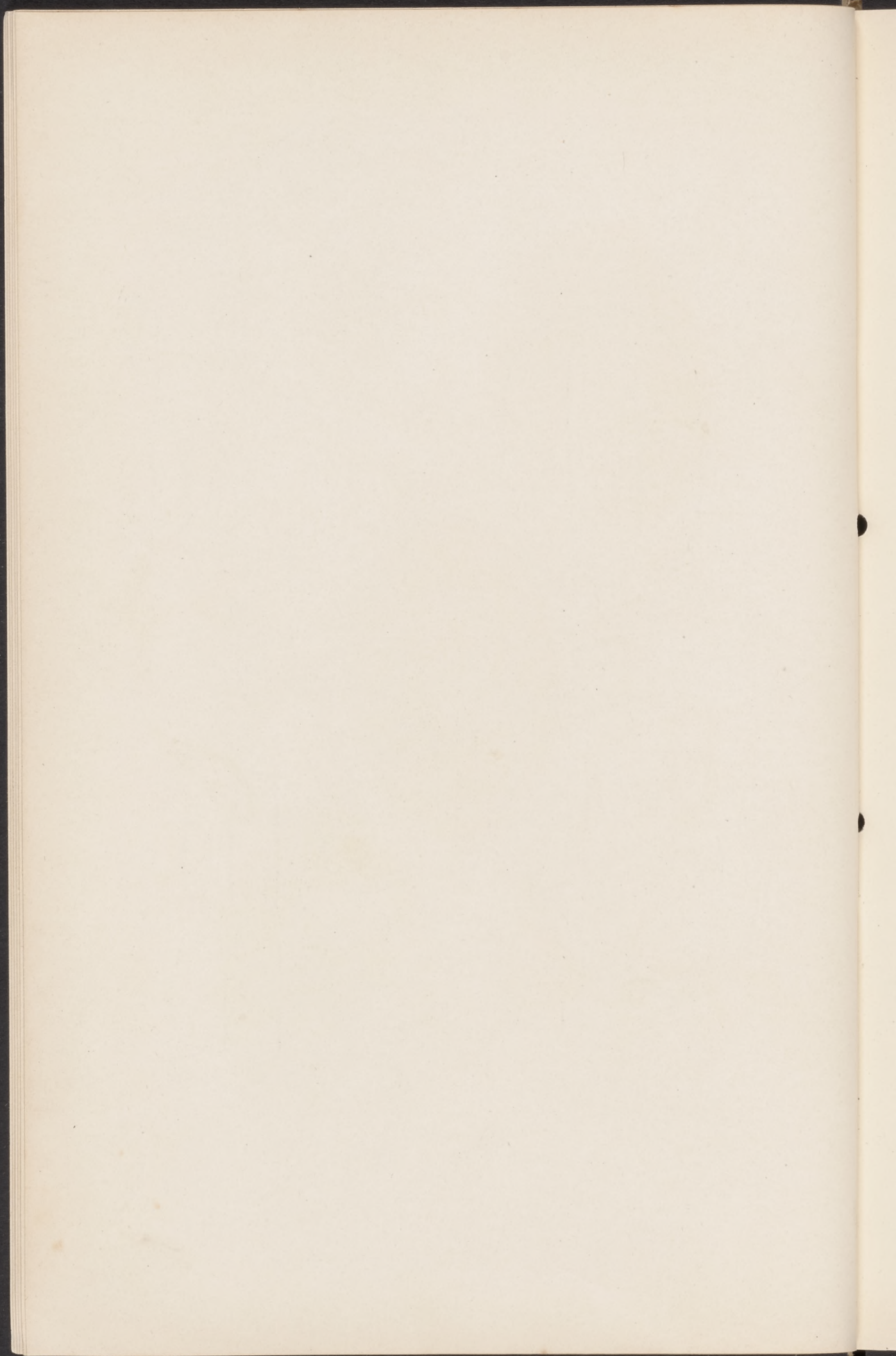
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Class

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Class '08



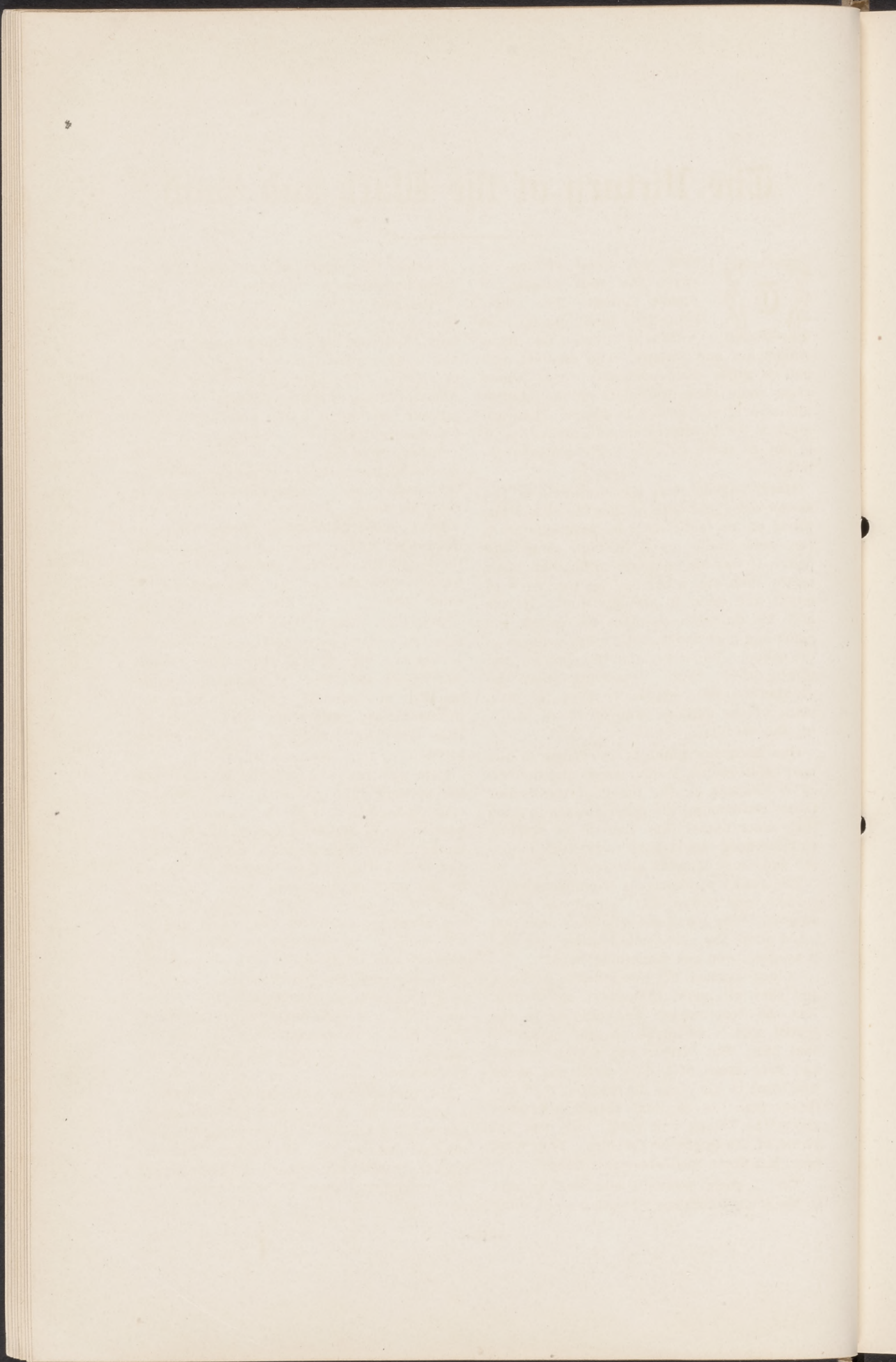
PRESIDENT - - JAMES RUSSELL BOOTHE

VICE-PRESIDENT - - ROY M. EVANS

SECRETARY-TREASURER - VEDA A. BOWLES



Myra R. Green	Sophia Schuler
Julia Church	Harold G. Baugh
	Lily Wilstrup
Florence Walsh	Bryan Rice
Irene Mackay	Ruth Trondsen



The Victory of the Black and Gold



HERE was great rivalry between the four classes of Field's College. The school being very large and the boys unusually lively, the feuds waxed hot and furious. The greatest difficulties arose over contests to see which class could place its colors on the highest pinnacle of the school buildings. The difficulties led to interesting adventures and it is one of these exploits I will endeavor to tell.

Harry Wilbur was the president of the Senior class and both he and the class were proud of the fact. He was small in stature but exceedingly quick in both mind and body. It was his endeavor to have his class better than any other and he worked with might and main to accomplish it. It was now his ambition to place his colors, the black and gold above every other pennant in the school. But it was also the desire of the three other class presidents that he shouldn't succeed, especially Scott, the president of the Juniors, who stood up lustily for the cardinal.

One Saturday night in December in the boys' club rooms, Wilbur arose and delivered a message in the name of the Senior Class, challenging the other classes to place their color higher than that of the Seniors, and the deed would have to be done before the sun arose Monday morning.

The Junior class gave a triumphant yell.

"Say, kids you're easy!" cried one of the Juniors, "Why we've got a monkey here that could climb the north pole if there was one. Why don't you ask something hard?"

Wilbur laughed, but nevertheless he knew and they all knew, that Scott, the Junior, was the best jumper and climber in the school, and it would be no easy matter to beat him. But Wilbur was a close second and very much of a dare devil and as he was loyal to his class, he resolved then and there, that the cardinal should not wave above the "black and gold". He was not afraid of the Sophs or Freshies. They were easy, but Scott, well—he was a dandy.

"Oh! I know Scott's a climber," he said to his chum Lawrence, "but that's not going

to phase me. There will be some hot tussling before we're through."

"But gee! Wilbur, I don't see how you can beat Scott," cried his friends. "The kid is bent on having his blooming cardinal placed above every other if he puts it on the Statue of Liberty. The only way I see of getting ahead of him is by chartering a balloon and tying our pennant to a star, but not for mine. I'm too light headed."

"Leave it to me, fellow Seniors, ours will be the highest Monday morning," and Wilbur went to bed with an earnest resolve to keep his word.

Fate plays strange tricks. It was her fancy to have all four of the class presidents make their difficult attempt Sunday night, and furthermore, she had them all seeking the same spot.

This high pinnacle was a very dangerous point on a tower over the Laboratory rooms. A weather vane in the shape of a rooster was on the very top. To reach this height one had to climb along slippery roofs and if a single jar made a foot slip it meant instant death or terrible injury to the adventurer.

Fate was kind enough to let Wilbur reach the building first. At nine o'clock Sunday evening he appeared on the scene, a coil of heavy rope in one hand and a huge pennant in the other. He climbed through the window on a lower floor and quickly hurried up to the attic on the third story. Here he climbed out on the roof and began his perilous ascent. Luckily all went well and he was soon at the base of the tower. The hardest was yet to come. Three times he threw the rope, but the third time it caught on a projection, so slowly he pulled himself up till he was on a level with the vane. Then with a triumphant crow he tied the pennant on the rooster's tail and prepared to descend.

His coat caught on a nail and he gave it a wrench. At once he felt the rope relax, and turning around he discovered with horror that the slip knot had become unfastened and was slowly but surely slipping off the projection. Poor Wilbur's heart seemed to stand still. Every movement he made

only loosened the knot more. Glancing down on the lawn (it seemed miles below) he saw three dark forms emerge from different directions and start toward the building.

"The other fellows!" he thought. "If I cry out they won't hear me and besides I'm not going to show I'm afraid. Maybe I can reach that knot."

Slowly he crept toward the projection. But just as he reached it the rope slipped off and he grasped wildly at the frail piece of wood nearest him. With a crash it broke off and Wilbur fell down, down, screaming uselessly for help. But again Fate stepped in. As he fell his shoulder struck a large drain pipe which threw him onto one side and with a bang he fell on the roof just above the window from which he had climbed. His foot caught in the crevice between the roof and a large chimney close by and he sprawled head downward.

For a few moments he was stunned. Then painfully moving his head he saw a stout wire bound loosely about the base of the chimney. If he could only reach that! But every movement only loosened his foot more. Nevertheless he decided to risk it. Slowly he pulled himself up and finally with one desperate plunge he grasped the wire, crawled up and clung to the chimney so exhausted he could hardly breathe.

In a few moments he heard the voices of his rivals and crawled behind the chimney, saying to himself:

"I won't let them see I'm hurt. They would call me a fool. But, jimminy! isn't it great! The black and gold is ahead anyway, now."

Soon Scott's head appeared at the window, closely followed by the Freshie's. They both attempted to go through the window at the same time but the Freshie was pushed out of the way, and Scott scrambled through and made for the tower followed by the other two who had fallen through the window some way.

Wilbur jumped out from his hiding place nearly scaring the others out of their wits, and yelled, "You're too late; too late!" and forgetting his bruises, danced around the roof pointing at the banner floating on the night breeze.

Scott turned on him with a flash, doubled up his fists and took a few steps toward him.

"I'll just bet some one of our fellows peached and told you I was to put our pennant there. That's not fair, Wilbur!"

"Oh, no! sonny! I just happened to choose this place, too. But you've got to give in like a little man now, the victory is won. Come on, let's go home. No? Well I tell you, you can't put your old cardinal any higher. Go over there and look at that climb. I advise you not to try it. It's no easy job."

Scott hesitated, walked over and gazed up at the steep incline. Then he came back and said a little ungraciously, "Don't see how you did it Wilbur. I didn't know it was so steep. Well, you've beat us and you are a game kid. Come on let's go home."

The story of Wilbur's narrow escape leaked out in some way and he was duly praised by his fellow students and lectured by the Professors, but the '09 black and gold pennant, floated over the school for many days.

I. G. '09.



To the P. H. S.

Here's to the school on its lofty stand,
That's in for the just and the right,
Here's to the teachers, the best in the land
And here's to the purple and white.
Here's to its girls who are fair and sweet,
Though studious nevertheless.

Here's to the girls who can't be beat;
The girls of the P. H. S.
Here's to the teachers, the best in the land
Who are heroes every one,
Here's to the boys for a bright career,
When their work in this school is done.

—KITTY R. CONNOLLY '09.

Mr. Dooley On Certain School Activities



ND how are ye this beautiful mornin', Mr. Hennessey?" said Mr. Dooley, on the first mornin' that the sun had appeared after three weeks of rain. "Don't this weather remind ye of the days in old Oireland, Mr. Hennessey, and don't it make ye think at toimes that some unkoind creature was after ye and makin' it hot fur yer sinful self?"

"Well, now, I hadn't been lookin' at it in that way," said Mr. Hennessey, "fur ye see this is the first toime that I've had the opportunity to git me money's wurth out uv me new rain coat what I got at the big fire sale. But, say, Mr. Dooley, what is the rason that yure so blue like this mornin'? Is it the grippe that ye've got, ur hev ye been disappointed about yure ile stock, Mr. Dooley?"

"Come now, Mr. Hennessey, yure a bit frivvulus this mornin'. Haven't you heard about their doings up at the High School this year?"

"Well, I've heard a good deal about the way they were runnin' things up there and I thought everybody was satisfied, fur from what I can learn things are in pretty foine shape now."

"Why, Mr. Hennessey, I guess ye don't get yure evenin' paper reg'lar, fur if ye did yud find out about their doings up there, Mr. Hennessey. Oh, it's a long story, Mr. Hennessey, and I can't tell ye all about it."

"But, Mr. Dooley, I hear that the boys have won four games uv Basket Ball," said Mr. Hennessey, "anl they could hev won another one but they couldn't shoot the goals. whatever the creechers are, Mr. Dooley."

"That's just the pint, Mr. Hennessey, just the pint. Now I want to know what they're allowing our boys to shoot goals fur, and that inside the city limits. Do they want to haul us fathers before the pulice court and make us pay jist as though they had caught us ridin' on the sidewalk down the Liberty street hill? And they're even teachin' our modest little girls to shoot the goals, Mr. Hennessey. Why just last night me darter came home in glee, Mr. Hennessey, and said, 'Father, I shot three goals straight to-

day.' And what did ye shoot them fur?" says I. And she says, 'Oh, just for fun. Everybody is thriving it now,' she says. 'It's great sport, too, father, and there's no closed season for goals, you can shoot thim enny time,' says she."

"Well, now, I hadn't heard about it at all," said Mr. Hennessey. "What else are they doin' to advance the ghreat cause of edjucashun, Mr. Dooley?"

"They're havin' some special classes in writin' ur pinmanship, ur whatever they call it, Mr. Hennessey, and are thyrin' to get the youngsters to forsake the gude old methods of their fathers. Why, just the other day me darter came in an' asked me fur a nickle fur to buy a cork penholder. Now there I've been tyin' me pen to the end uv me pencil all these years whenever I wanted to write a letter to me old mother across the waters, Mr. Hennessey, but when she said it was a cork penholder that she wanted I couldn't say no, fur it rayminded me uv me native city in old Oireland. Yes, she got the nickle, but not fur the cause, Mr. Hennessey, but because she had touched me heart strings and I couldn't go back on me old home. And then, sir, that night she came home with some nice yellow paper and said she must practice a little on her pinmanship, and asked me would I jine in an' enjoy mesilf, too. Well, sir, she says to me, 'Now first you must get a good position, father.' 'Faith,' says I, 'and ain't a got a good position? I've been on th' pulice force for the last six years, 'sez I, 'would you expect me to an attorney fur th' grafters?' sez I. But she sez, 'Now father, ye mustn't be so frivvulus, fur it's learnin' to write ye are', sez she. 'Now you must git both uv yure feet flat on the flure,' sez she, and I laid thim both down with a gintleness that made th' pictures rattle on th' walls, and she said I was now ready to write. And then, would ye belave me, Mr. Hennessey, she tuk me by the arm and in a few minutes she had me makin' circles so purty and so aisy loike that I could make thim with me eyes shut."

"And can yure darter write, Mr. Dooley?"

"Can she write, did ye ask, Mr. Hennes-

sey? Well, now it's wurth a month's pay just to see her movin' as graceful and aisy loike as a swan an' makin' such beautiful writin' that ye want to frame every page that she throws into the waste basket. An' she can read it, too, Mr. Hennessey, and so can I an' so can her mither. Now whin I write a letter an' ferget to mail it I hev to write another fur fear that I've found the wrong one. I can most ginerally read what I write if I use short sentences an' don't lave it too long so that I fergit what I was

writin' about. But me darter can read iverything as aisy as if it was her spellin' book, Mr. Hennessey. And I haven't a doubt but that some day some teacher will invint some method by which we can write a long letter without touchin' our hands to a pin at all, Mr. Hennessey, and then it will be as aisy to write a letter as to shleep on yure beat. An' when that day comes, Mr. Hennessey, I'll take a post graduate course in pinmanship an' be in paradise the rest uv me days."

To the Class of '08

You have studied with much application
The words, deeds, thoughts of the past.
Let me add to your sound information
These thoughts, the best and the last.

Let the hope of a brighter to-morrow
Dispel the gloom of today.
But beware that you never do borrow
The things that darken your way.

Do not hunger for life's fleeting pleasures,
They die; are vain like a dream.
Rather search for the spiritual treasures,
They live and are what they seem.

Go in quest of the highest ideal,
With eyes fixed firm on the goal.
Rise above what is sordidly real
With all the might of your soul.

Never weary of doing your duty,
Make work the joy of your life,
'Tis the secret of health and of beauty
Gives peace 'midst tumult and strife.

To the idle, the vain, and the haughty
This world is barren of joy,
Like the school to the indolent, naughty,
Refractory girl or boy.

For the busy, the modest, the humble
The best of life is in store.
They may climb and rise high or may
stumble,
But bliss is theirs evermore.

On the mountains, in forest and grotto,
Throughout your beautiful state
Write "Excelsior" as the class motto
Of nineteen hundred and eight.

May good fortune be with you and soften
The thorny path to success.
May you prosper, be happy, and often
Remember your P. H. S.

—MARTIN SINGER.

The Donkey and the Bray



ONE evening not long ago I entered the house in a rather surly mood. I had had a quarrel with a certain young lady of my affections and a trouble of this kind is extremely bad for the temper of a youth of eighteen years. I was grumbling away to myself on the wrongs of injured lovers, when my old uncle who sat near by looked up with a kindly twinkle in his eye and said, "Pooh, Charles, you ought to consider yourself lucky in these days! If you had to endure what I did when I was young you might complain of difficulties. Let me give you one night's experience, my lad, and see if you don't agree with me."

"As you know I was raised on a farm in southern England, four miles from the nearest village, and it was in this village that my heart chose to select the object of its affections in the person of the charming Minnie Bray. Now, the road from our house to the village was not the pleasantest to travel, especially at night. The road crossed an old goss moor, and at this point the hedges grew so high that they all but met overhead shutting out most of the light. The shadows on either side were deep and gruesome, and what I suffered while traversing this piece of road, might have softened Minnie's heart had she known it.

"On the evening of which I am to tell you, I started out as usual, and reached without mishap the fatal spot of my fears. The night was pitch dark and as I entered the stretch of deeper darkness, I felt the familiar chill go up and down my spinal column. Imagine my horror, when, just as I had passed half way through, I heard arising from the shadows, whose darkness I could not pierce, a most weird and unearthly sound. My hair began to rise and continued to rise as I proceeded, for this sound was repeated not once but a dozen times, first from one side and then from the other. To say I was frightened would be putting it mildly, for this far exceeded all my former experiences. Making a break toward the brighter light ahead I ran at my utmost speed until want of breath compelled me to stop. My blood ran cold at the thought of returning, for

this road was the only possible route home. Pleasanter thoughts of meeting Minnie served to partly drive the unpleasant memories from my mind. Imagine my feeling when upon knocking at her door, I was informed that 'Miss Minnie was not at home, having been taken out to spend the evening by George Amesbury.' With a groan I thought of all I had passed through and contemplated murder or suicide. I spent most of the evening wandering about the village, and finally set out for home, shuddering at the idea of a repetition of my former experience.

"All went well until I reached that hateful spot. My fears were somewhat allayed for no sounds were to be heard as I approached and traversed its shadowy depths. I was just congratulating myself on escaping further terrors when a dark mass, darker than the darkness around, rose up before me. As my heart reached the half-way mark between its usual position and my throat it suddenly dropped back with a thump, for the familiar bray of a wild donkey issued forth from the shapeless mass. This sound reassured me, for donkeys were common enough in that country, many of them running wild on the moor.

"The animal seemed to realize that fear had possessed me, and as if in derision he gave himself over to making melodies loud enough to be heard to the furthest corner of the moor. His companions joined him, and then arose a chorus of unmusical noises such as I hope I shall never hear again. This symphony proved to be the signal for a rush down the dark lane, and a herd of braying donkeys swept by me in a mad run and sped away to the pasture land beyond. How they managed to pass me without once giving me a friendly kick, as is the habit with these animals, will remain a mystery forever, for the lane was narrow and the night dark.

"But this is not the strangest part of my story. The donkey which first greeted me remained in his place. He gave a farewell screech at his fleeing companions and then approached me with the air of an old friend.

"Thinking this donkey had been providen-

tially placed in my path, I mounted, turned his head toward home, and digging my heels in his ribs urged him forward. He did go forward, surprising me with his speed, but not toward home, for, suddenly wheeling in the narrow lane he bolted back over the road I had just come. He carried me on straight for about a mile, I, in the meantime using all my ability to stay on his back. Then clearing a hedge he went on again for some distance over the rough ground on the moor. Coming to a second hedge, he jumped high in the air and sped on, leaving me to

find the nearest way to the ground. Fate chose the hardest spot for me to land on and for some minutes I lay thinking over my sorrows. Finally I picked myself up, stiff and sore, and returned home over the same weary road I had already traversed three times that night. Donkeys might bray and ghosts might howl, I felt that neither would rouse any further emotion in me now. I had made a failure of both riding and courting, and resolving that I had had enough for a lifetime I have remained a bachelor to this day."

JENNIE BULLOCK.

"I Can't Do That Sum"

As sung with great success by the Petaluma
Track Team.

If Petaluma sent a team
With four schools in the list,
And got last place 'most every time,
Would she be badly missed?
Now if another school came in,
The question that's in doubt,
Is, "Would she move on up the line,
Or further down and out?"

CHORUS—

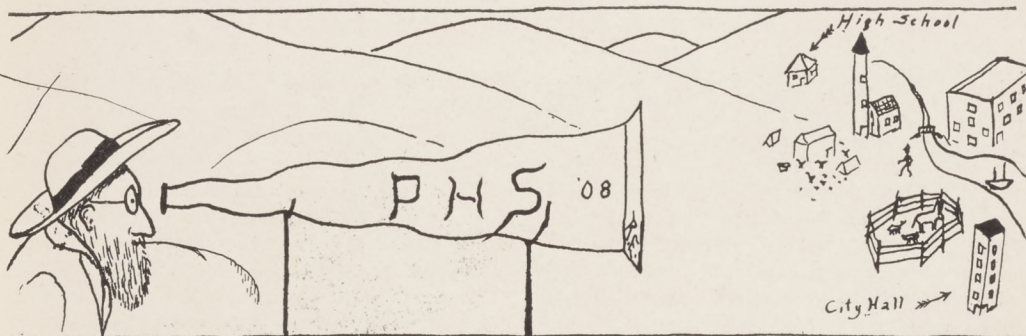
Put down one, then wait for two,
That's the best that we can do!
You can count, and count, and count, till
your brains are sore,
Add it up any way you please won't make it
any more!

If Petaluma had a team—
Heraus mit ihm! heraus!—
Which practiced steady once a month,
Around behind the house,
And if those nine and sturdy men
Should win one point in all,
How many men would it require
To win no points at all?

CHORUS—

We got ONE! oh yum! yum! yum!
Gee! but ain't that going some
You can count, and count, when all's said
and done,
Other schools get what we leave; PETALU-
MA WON (ONE!)

—A. B. W.



Seeing Petaluma thru a Megaphone

(With apologies to "The Ladies Home Journal.")

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, we are ready to start upon our regular trip around the city. We will take you to many of points of interest by daylight and bring you back in time to see the moving pictures at the Unique or hear the phonograph at the Nickelodeon. All ready, Chauncey. Let her go.

We will first go through the residence portion of the city and see where the people stay when they are at home. The building which appears to be around the corner is really on this same street. The people here made their streets crooked so as to make them longer and still keep them inside the city limits. In this way we get more miles of paved streets and sidewalks than any other town of this size in the state.



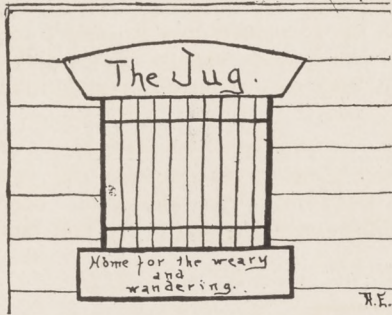
We are now in a position to get a good view of the High School building. The assistants will furnish you with magnifying field glasses so that you may note its architectural beauties. It was painted two years ago. There are still some traces of the paint to be seen on the sheltered portions of the building. The job was contracted, but the paint was extracted.

The large bare spot you see in front of the building is the old athletic grounds. It is fully twenty feet wide by thirty-two feet long, with a flag pole in the center and has a slope of twenty-three degrees. This insures a dry field for practice even in a rainstorm. Upon this track were trained all of the gold medal sprinters which have come from Petaluma for the last decade. The track is so large that one man can train at a time and not bump into himself provided he uses due care and keeps to the right all the time. The boys will train on the roof just as soon as they can risk themselves on a larger and more level surface.

The building with the loud sign is the Petaluma Furniture Emporium. It is claimed by some who are in a position to know that this building contains as many unique specimens as does the far-famed British Museum. It would require a catalogue the size of Webster's Dictionary to name and locate the articles to be found here. No guides are furnished but you can wander through at your own risk.

This stately edifice is the official home of the City Fathers, the City Assessor,

and the Fire Department. The city also maintains in this building a free lunch counter and rooming house for the "weary and wandering" population of the county.



The odd decoration you see in front of the building is a street sweeper. It is kept in full view so the public will know there is such a thing. Some day it is expected the machine will be used as an experiment.

We must hasten by this unique and interesting structure because the chief fire fighting appliances of the city are located here. The noise you hear is made by the driver who is practicing arising with grace and alacrity from his couch. Black Bart is giving him the horse laugh.

No, madam, this is not a one-horse town just because we have a one-horse fire department. Some nights ago a chimney took fire three block from this place. So well did the department work, that before it could reach the scene of the conflagration two women had extinguished the blaze and the family had gone over to visit the neighbors.

The large stone building on your right is the Free Public Library, one of the by-products of the Carnegie Steel Corporation. It is a wonderful institution. The books you want worst are either out or stored in the basement awaiting the arrival of a cataloguer from Sacramento. It is confidently expected that the library will all be catalogued before Japan reduces the United States to a tribute-paying dependency.

We are now passing in front of the Kindergarten Department.

The Must Hatch Incubator Company. This company has so far separated the production of chicks from the old and accepted methods that it is said that a con-

scientious Plymouth Rock hen will not speak to an incubator offspring.



We have now turned into D street, the famous boulevard of the city. It leads directly to the D street-bridge, which has the distinction of being open nearly every time you are in a hurry to cross. The Pacific Ocean is an enlargement of the stream you are now crossing. On the official map it is a creek, if you are addressing the Chamber of Commerce or preparing a petition to Congress it is a River. It is so crooked that the further you sail out the nearer you are to being back. Congress has just appropriated \$500 to straighten out all of the 914 bends in this stream. It is estimated that this amount will almost pay the expenses of the dredger to make the trip up here and back to San Francisco if it encounters no rough seas and does not have to do any work. Congressmen are great things to



have. We got \$500 by the aid of one Representative. If we had had none there is no doubt but that the national government would have come onto us for an assessment of a thousand or more.

The large brick building ahead of us is

the Carlson Currier Co. silk mill. The raw silk cuccoons are imported from China. These cuccoons and laundrymen are the only products of the Celestial kingdom which the custom officials will permit to enter this country.

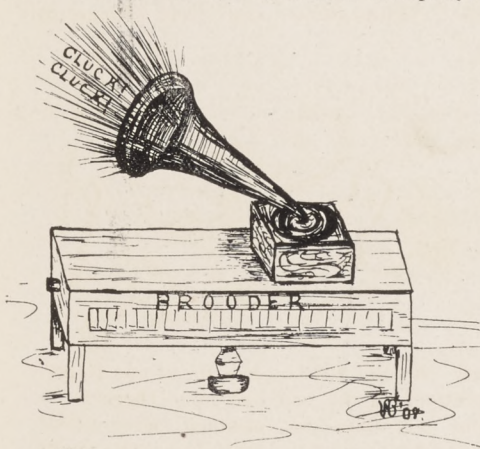
The loud pounding noises you hear come from the shoe factory just a block down the street. They turn out so many shoes down there you would suppose they thought the entire population were centipedes.

We are now approaching the Washington-street bridge which spans the stream we crossed some time ago. The hill was placed in front of this bridge so as to induce the peasantry to drive rapidly across the bridge and fall into the hands of plain-clothes policemen on the other side.

Keep your seat, ladies, there is no danger. That is not a riot call you hear. It is the gentleman at the Nickelodeon several blocks away announcing a complete change of program on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. He makes this announcement 420 times every day, to the great delight of all business houses on that street.

The Old Brick School.—From the basement to the belfry you will find carved the names of the leading citizens of the county. In this famous "Cradle of Knowledge" were rocked half of the stalwart pillars of the community, and the other half are being cared for in the same old crib.

The building with the large sign is the home of the Petaluma Incubator Company.



In this factory are made machines which hatch anything in the egg line from the pee-

wee to the ostrich. They also make the brooders in which the product of the incubators is trained for good citizenship.

Yes, madam, the brooders are somewhat deficient as mothers. They can not teach the youngsters how to scratch for worms or call them in when it rains, but the firm is at work on a scheme to remedy this defect.

We are now passing within eight blocks of the storage plant of the Petaluma Gas and Electric Company. The unpleasant odor you doubtless detect is due to the fact that



the gas was made in Santa Rosa. You can not notice the odor when you see the bill. If the candle power was as high as the bill every citizen would have to wear goggles.

We are now in the heart of the business district. This is Prosperity Avenue, the newly paved street. The city is now the proud possessor of one whole block of this kind of paving. We will have to drive slowly because school is out and most of the boys are using this street as a bicycle race track.

It is now growing so dark you can not see to advantage any more of the many interesting features of this portion of the city. You will now be given the rare privilege of seeing the city as it rests from the hurry of the day. The light you see some blocks ahead is a street lamp. The city now has twenty of these lamps and is very proud of them. Since they were installed the price of candles has been increased three times. A local architect has just finished a plan for lighting the entire city. He intends to have a "Statue of Liberty" every four blocks holding in each hand a lighted candle. The City

Fathers are now in session devising means to meet the expense.

We are now at the end of our journey. This is the Continental Hotel. It is called

the Continental because there is no hotel like it on the American continent. In leaving the auto do not forget your packages and bundles. All out please.



The Kid's Pluck



T was a bitter cold day, during that coldest of winters, 1853. The little shack trembled and shook in the violent blasts that came sweeping down across the plains from the north. Inside that small shack were ten miners whose prospecting trip threatened to come to an untimely end, for there they were, shut in a small two-room shack without any food and the nearest settlement fifteen miles away.

All except one of the men huddled around the rude fire-place were big burly miners, but that one was a slender boy of about nineteen, who, although with an almost child-like look on his handsome face was reputed to be the best marksman with either rifle or pistol in the west, and to be able to hold his own with any man on the frontier with his bare hands.

At last he shook himself out of the trance-like stupor into which he had fallen, and placing himself in front of the men said, "Who will go with me to the settlement to get some chuck?"

"What's the use trying it, kid, there's no man alive could make his way through the snow to the store, say nothing about coming back loaded," said big Bill Barlow, the best man with a pick in that section of the country.

But the kid, although silenced, did not give up his intention, and at last slipped off quietly and was soon lost in the whirling snow. For the first ten miles the kid, who was not a bad snow-shoer, made pretty good time. Suddenly, as he was swinging along over an apparently smooth stretch of snow, his right snow-shoe caught in something just below the surface, and threw him full

length in the snow, spraining his ankle. He tried frantically to rise, but it was no use, his snow-shoe was firmly entangled in the branches of a fallen tree. Then he tried with all his strength to reach his snow-shoe to unbind it from his foot, but only succeeded in reaching within about two inches of it, and causing excruciating pains to run all through his injured leg.

A sudden thought striking him he reached into his pocket and after much fumbling brought forth his knife, but after removing his heavy gloves he found his fingers already so numb with cold that it was all he could do to open it. With the extra inches gained by the length of the blade he managed to reach and cut from his foot the entangled snow-she. He fell back exhausted, but knowing that if he stayed there much longer he would freeze, he made a desperate effort to rise and start on, which resulted in his half walking, half crawling a few feet, and some more terrible pains in his injured ankle.

And on and on he struggled falling a dozen times in fifty yards, but always rising and continuing the battle for his life, and that of his starving comrades, until he became so numb with cold and suffering that his onward struggle grew mechanical and he realized nothing until twelve hours after leaving that lonely hut far out on the plains, he suddenly staggered into circle of light and warmth, which in reality was the interior of the lone grocery store the village boasted, muttering, "The boys—Dead Man's shack—starving!"

While a large force of men on snow-shoes and the best team the village afforded were making ready for the start to Dead Man's shack, everything possible was being done for the kid.

When two months later he emerged from the sick room, the first thing he heard was a roaring cheer and the first thing he saw was a group of nine grateful faces and the first thing he realized was being carried on the shoulders of his partner in the pros-

pecting trip, who told him that the shaft sunk at Dead Man's Shack was turning out one hundred dollars daily, and that his share was awaiting him along with the contributions of his grateful friends.

—GEO. SKILLMAN '11.



The Gyroscope



DOUBTLESS many people have seen the tops sold at nearly all toy stores, consisting of a metal disk mounted on an axle in a ring; but probably very few realize of what importance it has become of late. It was first used in the early part of the last century to illustrate certain things about the seasons, substituting a small globe for the disk. When its peculiar properties were discovered in 1832 by Prof. W. R. Johnson, it was called the rotascope, but now the gyroscope. Its most important property is that when the disk is whirling rapidly, the axis can not be moved from its first position without difficulty. This may be easily illustrated by standing a bicycle on its rear wheel and on rotating the wheel as fast as possible, trying to turn it by means of the handle bars.

While this property may seem very important, it was not put to use to any extent till the invention of the torpedo. Each one of these contains two near the motor, one to keep the torpedo at the same level and the other to keep it going in the same direction. It has also been used in ocean-going vessels to reduce rocking; but was not a success, since the gyroscope could not get a leverage on anything solid on the earth. But its most important use comes later.

Many men have tried as many different ways to eliminate one rail of the ordinary railroad track. Some have one rail above, and one below with a guide on each side, and one is running in Germany, where the trains are suspended from the rail. Also there are the systems, like that in Chicago, where the cars are hung on a cable. In England, however, Louis Brennan, who has studied the gyroscope for over thirty years,

and is said to be one of the three men in the world who really understand it, has applied the principle to a mono-rail car.

The car used at present is about six feet long, and about two and a half feet high. In front is a small covered space for the controlling apparatus, and air brakes. This also holds the gyroscope, which consists of two wheels revolving in a vacuum in opposite directions on frictionless bearings. The car is run by two electric motors, using current from a storage battery in the rear of the car.

The freight in the car can all be put on one side, and the action of the gyroscope will raise that side. It also tips the car in the right direction when it is on a curve. Another great advantage is the ease with which temporary bridges can be constructed, the inventor having one on his place made of a wire cable stretched between the two rail ends. Tremendous speeds are expected of it, such as 100 or 150 miles per hour. The British government is so interested that it is spending \$25,000 on a car twelve feet wide.

Still the car has its difficulties. The gyroscope wheels must weigh 5 per cent of the weight of the car. With an ordinary passenger coach, this would mean three tons, and a wheel of this size going at 2,500 or 3,500 revolutions per minute would be liable to explode. This probably can be overcome by casting the wheels in one piece of metal. Sir Hiram Maxim calls it a "highly scientific toy" which will not work on a large scale.

The result of a large car is, therefore, unknown, but if it is a success, it will certainly bring about a great revolution in the art of railroad construction and operation.

—C. H. GREEN.

How Johnathan Went Fishing



JOHNATHAN, my son, hast thou purified the abode of the sacred fowls?"

"Nay, verily, Father, I have not."

"Then take thyself directly to the task which hath been assigned to thee. Verily it grieves me greatly to see such negligence on thy part, for know ye not that cleanliness is a virtue, on an egg producing plant, which can not be neglected?"

"But, Father, only yesterday did I promise my friend, Abraham, that I should take myself with him to yon rippling brook, there to angle for the finny inhabitants of the waters."

"Even so, my son, but thou shalt firstly cleanse the residence of yonder birds ere ye go nigh unto the pool."

So Johnathan betook himself away muttering words, under his breath, upon the head of the paternal author of his existence, which thou shalt not find in the latest volume of Webster's Unabridged.

While Johnathan was toiling wearily at his hard task, he heard from among the eucalyptus trees a loud, shrill whistle. He straightened up his weary back and thrust his head out of the open door of the chicken house, and gazed longing towards the trees. It was Abraham, without doubt, waiting there for him with a fishing tackle and lunch ready for a day's sport.

Just then Johnathan heard the loud clanging of a closing gate and looking toward the road saw his father driving to town with a load of eggs. An evil thought crossed his mind. Why not skip out and leave the old houses go dirty, his father would soon be out of sight and his mother was busy in the house? Another loud impatient whistle from the trees decided him, leaving no chance for thought or after consequences. Dropping his shovel he ran toward the trees and soon joined his waiting comrade, who greeted him with a tragic whisper from the branches of a tree.

"Ha! friend Johnathan, hast thou escaped the tyranny of the villains?"

"Yea, and it does my orbs of sight good to see thee here."

"Come, let thy foot-steps follow in mine, but step lightly lest the inhabitants of yon village harken unto the voice of our departure."

So commanded Abraham and with stealthy tread led the way through the trees and over the back fence.

The way to the brook led over a hill, across a road, and then through a wood and over several hills.

Upon reaching the road Abraham left Johnathan behind the hedge, while he carefully looked up and down the road to see if anyone was in sight, but as the way was clear he beckoned to Johnathan and the two boys quickly crossed the road and disappeared into the wood.

It was a prime day for fishing and the boys selected their favorite place under an old oak and threw out their lines and were soon engaged in the exciting sport. However, they soon tired of this and so Abraham dove into the inexhaustible recesses of his pockets and procuring a bunch of good dry corn-silk proceeded to make big fat cigars for himself and companion.

"Ha! friend Johnathan, now wilt we indulge in a specie of the fragrant weed," said Abraham.

"Yea, but what will your father say."

"Ah! thy Dad hain't going to see ye."

But Abraham was mistaken for Johnathan's father, upon returning home, at once set out in pursuit of the truant, and at this moment arrived upon the scene.

"Ah! Ha! thou imp of Satan, now I have thee, and I will teach thee a lesson thou wilt not soon forget," exclaimed the angry parent.

"Ouch! X—XOOO— —1—X Help! — ! X — Zip! — X — —OO — Bang! — Z — O — Murder! — X ! — — Oh! Pa! — —OO — — X — etc.," filled the air.

And then Johnathan went sorrowfully home.

—"COMUS" '09.

Ancestors Reviewed



ETALUMA has been distinguished by being made the center of a big novel by a prominent author—Ancestors, by Gertrude Atherton. But distinction is not always honor. Among many other complimentary things the author states that Rosewater—with this name she has graced our city—"of late years has become virtuous to excess, and almost blind and deaf with local pride." Our banks are sound and safe, but they are so full of petty jealousy that they have prevented the growth of our city for many years just to spite one another. Our women neglect their homes, husbands, and social duties to indulge their insatiable craze for card playing. Our Woman's Club devotes a large part of the business meeting to a serious and open discussion of a bit of rank gossip. Our schools alone seem to have found favor with our notable visitor, for she lets the heroine of Ancestors tell her English relatives that "there are very good schools in Rosewater, particularly the High School."

The story is one of the improbable, I might say impossible, kind. The heroine, brought up in Rosewater (Petaluma) and descended from noble Spanish and English ancestors, is traveling in Europe. Her father was a drink-besotted lawyer, but he died at last, and she is now free to lead her own life. She is a graduate from our High School and she speaks several languages, we are informed. On a visit with some distant English relatives she meets an English lord, thirty years of age and not married, who by some strange coincidence has talent and progressiveness as well as money and a title. The English press and other flatterers of nobility have made him believe that he is the coming man of England. But he has progressive ideas. Now his title makes him a member of the House of Lords and he feels that his genius will surely be smothered and crushed among that set of political deadheads. As he owns an estate of 19,000 acres in California near Rosewater she advises him to go to America to develop this estate, drop all his English titles and then just as a common American citizen enter on a political career here. He accepts her ad-

vice, settles on his estate two miles from Rosewater, and studies law and politics. At first he is discouraged by his new surroundings, then he becomes disgusted with our political corruption, and finally he begins to dream of a political career at the head of a new reform party. The earthquake comes, and the Englishman rushes to San Francisco. A millionaire friend gives him an automobile and for two days he acts as chauffeur, transferring dynamite for the fire-fighters. The novelty of doing useful work makes him enthusiastic and he decides to devote himself to the making of the new San Francisco.

That is the story interwoven with a multitude of exhaustive and exhausting descriptions of scenery, houses, parties, dinners, and club meetings. A chilly love affair runs through the book and ends fittingly with the decision of the heroine that after all perhaps maybe she will be able to stand her fiance as husband. At any rate, she will marry him and risk a trial.

If we look for local color of Petaluma, we search in vain through the seven hundred laborious pages of the book. A true and graphic description of the lay and build of the town and the mention of the White Leghorns with red combs,—that is all we can recognize. Even the time-honored allusion to the fabled "golden eggs" seems out of place when the author applies it to the cheap snow-white product of the Leghorn.

If any of the local characters have been described in the book, they have undergone such changes in the mind of the author that we can not recognize them with any degree of certainty. The incident of the Petaluma club women engaging in an open impromptu, though eloquent, debate on a bit of scandalous gossip is grotesque as well as preposterous. Such may be possible in some idle gossiping English town of the author's acquaintance, but in a busy commercial, cosmopolitan town like Petaluma it is absurd and inconceivable.

The description of the earthquake and fire in the last sixty pages of the book is well worth reading. Yet, considering the author's descriptive powers, we can not help but feel that she might have surpassed Bulwer's

masterpiece in "The Last Days of Pompei" as far as she now falls short of the same, if she had portrayed these stirring days as seen and experienced by an ordinary human being with healthy feelings and emotions instead of this cold-blooded, self-centered descendant of a long line of English and Spanish aristocrats.

Ancestors, like most of Gertrude Atherton's novels, leaves a bad aftertaste. The cause of this is patent. We readers are invited and expected to admire the thoughts and deeds of the hero and heroine, and if we fail to do so we are insidiously made to feel that we are common, plebeian, and not up-to-date. The English lord in Ancestors redeems himself when for once he forgets the traditions of his long line of idle ances-

ors and spends two days in useful work. But who can admire those cigarette smoking aristocratic women who consider a husband a bore and who flirt with paramours just to show that they are above the laws of common decency! Their blood is blue and cold. They are loveless and unloveable despite the most artistic touches of the author. If creatures like the heroine of this novel are the product of an artistocratic ancestry, then we Petalumans have every reason to be thankful that the warm and red plebeian blood courses through our veins. But let us be charitable toward the scions of the antiquated European aristocracies and assume that they receive no more justice from the pen of the author than the plebeian Petalumans.

—MARTIN SINGER.

Adventures of Freshmen

When school commenced in August last,

There came into our jolly corps
A greener band of Freshmen boys

Than we had ever seen before;

And as we were the Junior class,
Of jolly fun we had great hopes,

As had the last year's Senior boys

When they were showing us the ropes.

We had them making speeches grand,

We ducked them, too,—it was a sin—

But then they spoiled our little fun,

For they too easily gave in.

Now these same Freshmen boys were rich,

At basket-ball they liked to play;

Their grounds were at the Grammar School,

Which was for them too far away.

And so one evening after school

They tried to build a pair of goals;

And when at last their job was done

They loosely planted them in holes—

So loosely that the slightest breeze

Which blew upon their broader side

Would wave them like two mammoth fans

Which could be seen from far and wide.

Now barely two days after this,

As verdant Freshies climbed the hill,

They found chalked on their precious goals

A big "Naught Eight," but all kept still.

Of course when next we looked at them

We saw there marked in "Naught Eight's"
stead,

"Eleven" by some Freshman drawn,

Appearing like them—underfed.

But chalk comes off too easily,

So two bright Junior boys one night,

In brilliant colors of their class,

Put on "Naught Nine" by candle light.

The Sophomores soon followed suit

With "Ten", and elsewhere shown "Naught
Eight,"

But when the Freshmen tried to paint

They found they had some years to wait.

For when the Freshies turn arrived,

They carried up their blue and white,

But mounted there before the goals

They found that first they had to fight,

For out from many hiding spots

There sprang before their frightened gaze

Some boys who gave them something hot—

They'll not forget for many days.

Now all you future Freshman boys,

Who come up here to work and learn,

Be sure you don't forget these rules,

The need for them you will discern:

First never try to wield the brush;

Next, do not try to immitate;

And last, though this is not the least,

Be always in your beds at eight.

—C. H. GREEN '09.

The Merchant of Venice - Up-to-date



THE Class of 1908 desired to be original. They wished to give a farce. In view of the many farces of all sorts and descriptions given by the high school in the past, this did not, at first glance, appear to be the best way to go about obtaining their desires. There is, however, an old saying in New England that "there's odds in deacons"; and on the same principal the Seniors decided that "there was odds" in farces. Their farce was to be unlike all previous ones. Their ambition at first extended to a presentation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice". But the teachers looked doubtful, some of the more practical members of the class began to count the cost, literally as well as figuratively, and the idea was abandoned.

For a while nothing suggested itself, for the class was determined not to "jump with common spirits" in the matter of farces, if they had to show their originality by giving none at all. Then it was that "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date" dawned upon the horizon. Like Launcelot's father it "did something smack" of the original, but was sufficiently modern to make no undue demands on the score of costumes and scenery and to make possible plenty of fun, as the following summary of the play will indicate.

Bassanio, a senior in the high school of Venice is blocked in his efforts to win the hand of Portia, a fair classmate, by her father's will. By its provisions the suitors of Portia must make their choice of one of three caskets, each containing an examination one on Caesar, one on Cicero, and the third on Vergil. The unfortunate youth is required to pass whichever examination he draws with an average of 95 per cent. As Bassanio's acquaintance with Latin is limited to attendance at class, he is in despair. Antonio, the captain of the Venice eleven, volunteers to borrow a pony from Shylock, an ex-member of the rival Belmont team. To gain this he nobly pledges a pound of hair to be taken from nearest the brain if the pony is not returned by a specified time. Shylock, however, only possesses a Caesar pony, and it therefore becomes essential for Bassanio to choose the Caesar casket. This he succeeds in doing, and, by the aid of the pony, makes the required standing.

All is not yet plain sailing, however, for Antonio has, in the meantime, intensified the hatred always felt toward him by Shylock by eloping with the latter's rich ward, Jessica. The pony was not returned in time, and Shylock in triumph interrupts the great football game between Belmont and Venice, and has Antonio arrested and brought before the Duke. At the trial which follows, Portia closely follows her Shakespearian prototype, and her quick wit, together with the astounding discovery of Prof. Schweighartshausenblumenheimer that the defendant has no brains, results in the complete discomfiture of Shylock and the endless happiness of Bassanio, Portia and all their friends.

This condensed summary of the plot has made no mention of the one whom Portia declares to be the hero of the occasion, the omnipresent and irrepressible Launcelot, nor of the genuine wit, as well as the rollicking fun, of which the play was full. The conversations between Portia and Nerissa, the examination scene, and the trial scene, were perhaps among the best in these regards. The third Act, including the unsuccessful lovemaking of Shylock, and Jessica's elopement, was one of the prettiest of the play.

The parts were all well taken. Antonio, whether urging his men forward on the football field, or in dignified silence awaiting the sentence of the court; Portia, saucy school-girl, or sedate lawyer; Bassanio, quick-witted and nimble-fingered; Shylock, the implacable; the gay Nerissa, pretty Jessica, and Launcelot the hero; these were the principal characters, and each and all did excellent work. But to quote one comment on the play: "To name those who did exceptionally well would be to name all who had leading parts." The Class of 1908 had had been not only original, but successful.

HELEN M. PERKINS.

Miss Perkins is so modest that she has made no mention of the part she played in the production of the Merchant of Venice. Had it not been for her untiring efforts in instructing us we would have had a hard time indeed and we are very grateful to her for all she has done in making our play a success. (Editor's note.)

What the Pennants Did



THE Seniors' banner had been flying on the high school cupola, away up on the top, where no other pennant had ever dared to float, and now this morning the Juniors' black and gold pennant, with the number '09, was up on the building and it was above the white and gold.

There was a great deal of talk on the school grounds but as it was such hard work to go up and pull it down, the seniors thought they would leave the Juniors' emblem for a while at least, and not give them the satisfaction of knowing that they really cared whether the white and gold pennant was on top or not.

This might have ended the matter if the janitor had not had business in the attic, and more than that, the misfortune to step on a weak spot on the floor and go through rather hurriedly, into the laboratory, landing with a sprained ankle and many bruises.

This of course led to an investigation on the part of the principal. Everyone knew that James ———, called Short, because he was so large, and his cousin were the only ones who had been up there and they wouldn't have been if they hadn't happened to be the boys who put up the two pennants. Short did the deed for the Juniors and his cousin, Ed, had raised the banner of the Class of '08 to the wind. But they did not know who had left the floor impaired, although all suspected James, because a gold and black pin belonging to some member of the Junior class, had been found within six inches of the break in the attic floor. As Short was the only Junior who had been up there the principal was inconvincible and held to the opinion that he was not the one at fault and when he tried to defend himself, the Principal only smiled sarcastically and left him with the words, "A man is innocent until he has been proven guilty."

Short felt pretty blue and then Edna, the nicest girl in the school, (at least in his estimation) hadn't acted the same towards him for some time. This, he thought, was enough to make any one feel rather badly also, but

he had a very severe uncle to meet if he could not prove his innocence. He knew that he would be suspended from school and sent up to his uncle's lumbering camp, which meant the hardest kind of work because the foreman had a strong dislike for High School boys; he thought that they had too good an opinion of themselves and didn't know how to work earnestly.

In the morning on the way to school he heard that the principal would announce that he wished to see him in his office after school. Short knew that he was the one who would be punished even though Ed were called with him.

Sure enough the first thing the principal said, was that he wished to see James ———, and Ed ——— in his office at 3:25. Short felt that he would have to take his medicine and decided to take it like a man.

"Don't you think Ed is a small sort of a boy?" said one of the girls at recess.

"Why?" returned her companion.

"Well, didn't you hear that he told Edna a whole string about that attic affair that wasn't so. My brother said it wasn't and I think he ought to know."

"Why don't you tell Edna?"

"Oh, you needn't," said Edna, who had just come upon them and heard the last part of their conversation. "I just had an argument with Edward about my pin which he has been wearing. I told him that he had given it to another girl and when he denied it I told him to advertise it on the board and he said, 'Huh, it would be a great joke the fellows would have on us if I advertised a Junior pin.' Then I told him that I'd advertise it; I haven't any respect for him anymore."

If Short had heard this little dialogue he would have felt more like enjoying his lunch than he did but he had to wait until he was in the assembly hall, then he saw the following notice written in a girl's hand:

"Lost, a Junior pin with dent in left hand corner."

EDWARD ———.

The occupants of the assembly hall smiled but the Principal looked troubled, then

called Edward to the desk and handed him the pin which had been found in the attic. After cancelling the announcement which he had made in the morning he said something in private to Ed, who on returning to his

place in the study hall saw Edna casting one of her old-time appreciative glances toward Short, who looked about as much confused as if his cousin's trouble had been his own.

—ANNA MAY CANEVASCINI, '09.



The Winning of the "P"



HE study hall of the Petaluma High School was as nearly alive as an educational edifice could be on Friday afternoon. The cause of the commotion was the decree of the Athletic Association which stared the scholars in the face from the front board. It read thus:

Constitution of Athletic Association of Petaluma High School:

Art. 1, Sec. 4. Amendments.

"Any girl of the Basket Ball team of this school playing in three winning or five losing games shall be entitled to wear the blocked 'P.'"

Executive Committee Athletic Assn.,
per Jack Cavanagh.

This was especially good news at this time as Petaluma had won two games since the first of the season. Saturday they would play Santa Rosa High at the "City of Roses". If Petaluma could only win! The girls would then have a chance to show the boys that the girls could do something if the boys couldn't.

At the rally Friday evening, Peggy Perkins, the crack goaler and captain of the team was called on by Mr. Denman, the yell leader, to "give us a few words." Peggy admitted to herself that she was rather frightened but putting on a brave face over her pretty one, she rose to the occasion. "Now, girls," she said, "is our time, to make a reputation for our school. I shall play my best and expect every girl to do the same."

Saturday dragged terribly to Peggy. At last the all eventful five-thirty arrived and with it the train. All the girls were there and were eager to start for Santa Rosa to do or die. Never before had that train run so slowly, at least it seemed so to them, and when it did reach Santa Rosa it seemed hours since they had started.

There was no time for sight-seeing as the team had to have dinner, dress, and be

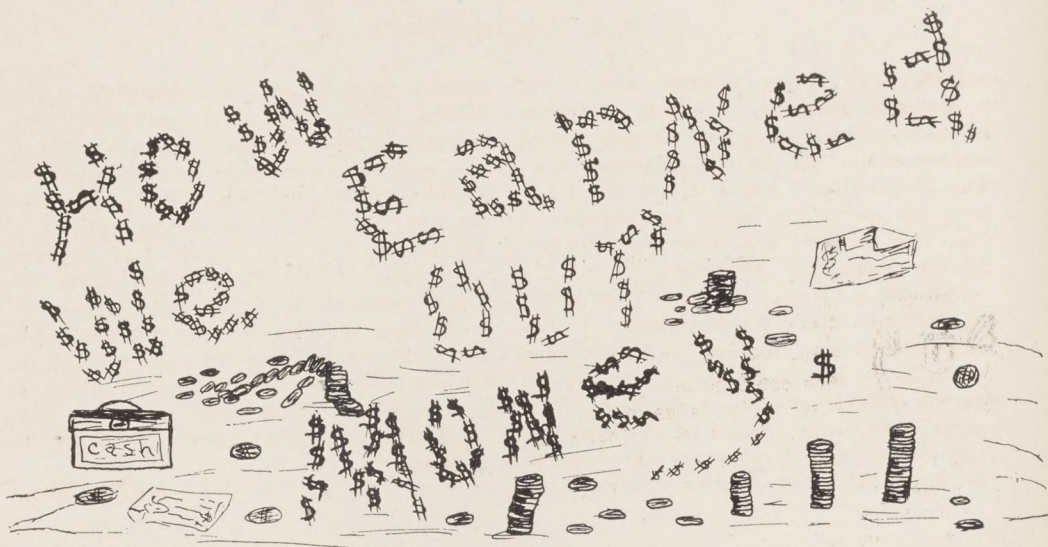
ready for the game at half past seven and it was now after six. On their arrival at the hall they saw that the Petaluma rooters had arrived on the electric car and occupied the right gallery, and with great joy saw that henpecked purple and white was just as prominent as the "prune" color and gold. Hurrying to their dressing room, the girls donned the suits on which they soon hoped to place the big "P".

As the team trotted out to the tune of "Whiskety," Peggy called, "Girls, remember," that was all. The first half dragged unmercifully and Peggy was glad when it ended, even if the score did stand 5 to 4 in favor of Santa Rosa.

"Time," called the referee. The last half had begun. After about two minutes of play, Santa Rosa snapped a clean field throw into their goal. Evidently Petaluma's guard was "N. G." The ball see-sawed back and forth and upon a good throw by Peggy Petaluma scored a goal.

It was within a few minutes of the end. Petaluma had a "fighting chance." Every girl on the team was on her toes, playing quickly and well. It was do or die. Surely Petaluma's weak point was in that guard. If she would only wake up! She has! Now she has the ball. Start that criss-cross! Fine! Petaluma is playing good ball. Peggy has the ball, now she will do something. But poor Peggy, her guard is taller than she and is toppling over her. With a quick jerk born of desperation she shoots the ball around her guards waist and up to the stand-ard. It has hit the basket, will it go in? No! it is running round the edge. Hurrah! it has gone in. Petaluma has won! The old stand by, "What's the matter with Peggy" breaks forth from fifty throats. Surely nothing was the matter for she had beaten Santa Rosa and had been the cause of the winning of the "P".

—F. P. '10.



WITH the opening of the fall term of school begins the troubles of the Seniors. The thoughts of each and every one turn to the Enterprise, the high school annual, published by the Senior class at commencement. The class was converted into a ways and means committee and the ball was soon started rolling:

Previous to this year it was the custom to solicit advertisements from the local merchants and in this way defray the cost of publication. But our desire was to put forth a paper which should be devoid of the customary advertising section.

Now the reason for eliminating advertisements is two-fold. First, the space which is occupied with ads can be filled with reading material thus making it of greater value to the reader. Second, advertisements in a school paper which appears only once a year do the merchants no immediate good. The student may as well approach him for a certain sum of money for that is virtually what is done. Therefore with the object in view of publishing the twenty-ninth volume of the Enterprise without advertisements we began planning means and methods of procuring the pecuniary necessities.

The Seniors first thought of giving a farce but in a short time it became known that the Athletic Association was undertaking a production of "Bi Bi—a comedy of Toys." The first production of this delightful musi-

cal fantasy was so successful that it was decided to repeat it. The Seniors thought that inasmuch as they had prauciously given up their plan of giving a farce that they should be given the proceeds of the second production. This privilege was given them and they undertook the management. The second production did not draw as large an audience as the first, but nevertheless \$20.00 was cleared, a nice little "nest-egg" for the fund.

Next the class held a sale of home-made pumpkin pies, the day before Thanksgiving. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, the sale was held at their Kentucky Street Store, and it is needless to state that the pies were qu'ckly disposed of. About \$10.00 was cleared, and had there been a sufficient number of pies \$25.00 could easily have been made.

A candy sale was suggested, and with '08 to think was to act, so on two separate occasions a large stock of home-made candies was disposed of.

The holding of entertainments and lectures was thought to be a good scheme. With this in view we appealed first to Mr. Singer to lecture some Friday evening in the assembly hall, to which he willingly consented. Mr. Singer's subject was "The Russian Revlution," and as there was an admission fee of ten cents charged, a goodly sum was realized, for the hall was filled with interested listeners.

About this time the fourth year German class decided to do something of its own

accord. The ever-willing Mr. Singer was appealed to assist in preparing a German farce, which was to be presented in the assembly hall. "Ein Amerikanisches Duell" was produced and nearly \$15.00 was taken in at the door. This meant an audience of over one hundred and fifty people, which literally packed the large room.

Last but far from least, in fact the greatest of all, the play "The Merchant of Venice—Up-to-date" was prepared by the class and staged in the Hill Opera House. This was by far the biggest affair ever handled by a single class in the history of the Petaluma High School, and it reflects much credit on the class that such a great undertaking

should be managed so successfully. The Opera House was filled, notwithstanding counter attractions, and the box receipts of the production were sufficient to warrant the elimination of advertisements from the "Enterprise." Then were our hearts filled with joy for with \$130 in the treasury we proceeded to publish the "Enterprise" which we beg to submit as worthy of our efforts.

The Senior class of the Petaluma High School desires to thank one and all who in various ways assisted in the publication of a paper which '08 most sincerely hopes will meet with the hearty approval of all its readers.

BUSINESS MANAGER.



A BELATED AUTUMN THOUGHT

The autumn leaves are falling fast,
Falling here and falling there;
And falling through the air.

—Ex.



The teacher of a certain school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before: "Please excooze Henny for absents yesterday. Him an' me got a chance of a ride to a funeral in a charrige, an' I let him stay to home as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So please excooze."

—Ex.

Intelligent Junior (picking up Caesar):
"Oh, say, Latin is easy; I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages):
"Fort dux in aro,"—forty ducks in a row.

"Passus sum jam,"—pass us some jam.
"Boni legis Caesaris,"—the bony legs of Caesar.

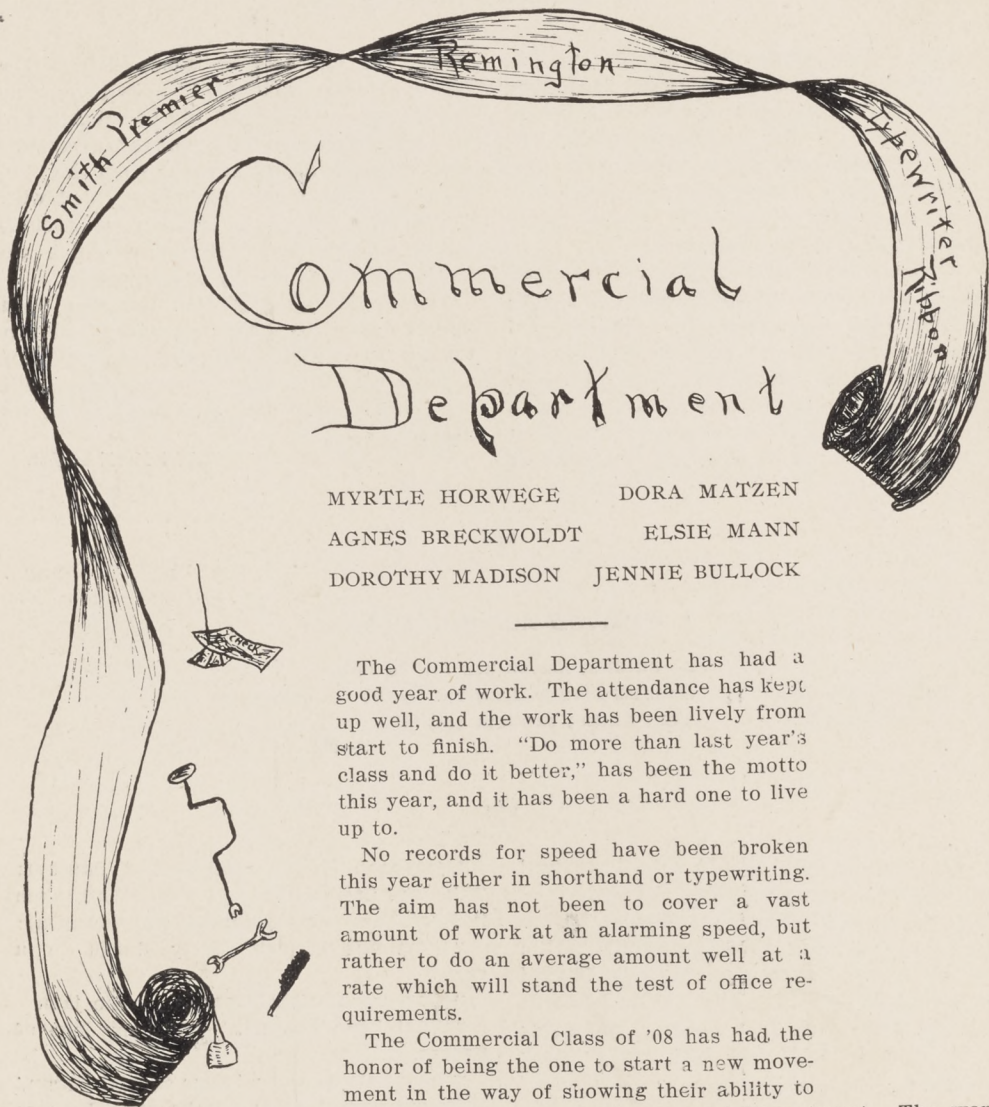
"Caesar sic dicat, unde cur egressi lictam,"
—Caesar sicked a cat on the cur. I guess he licked 'im."
—Ex.



A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand.

"Well?" said the teacher, encouragingly.

"Father cat, mother cat, and three little kittens "
—HEBREW STANDARD.



MYRTLE HORWEGE DORA MATZEN
 AGNES BRECKWOLDT ELSIE MANN
 DOROTHY MADISON JENNIE BULLOCK

The Commercial Department has had a good year of work. The attendance has kept up well, and the work has been lively from start to finish. "Do more than last year's class and do it better," has been the motto this year, and it has been a hard one to live up to.

No records for speed have been broken this year either in shorthand or typewriting. The aim has not been to cover a vast amount of work at an alarming speed, but rather to do an average amount well at a rate which will stand the test of office requirements.

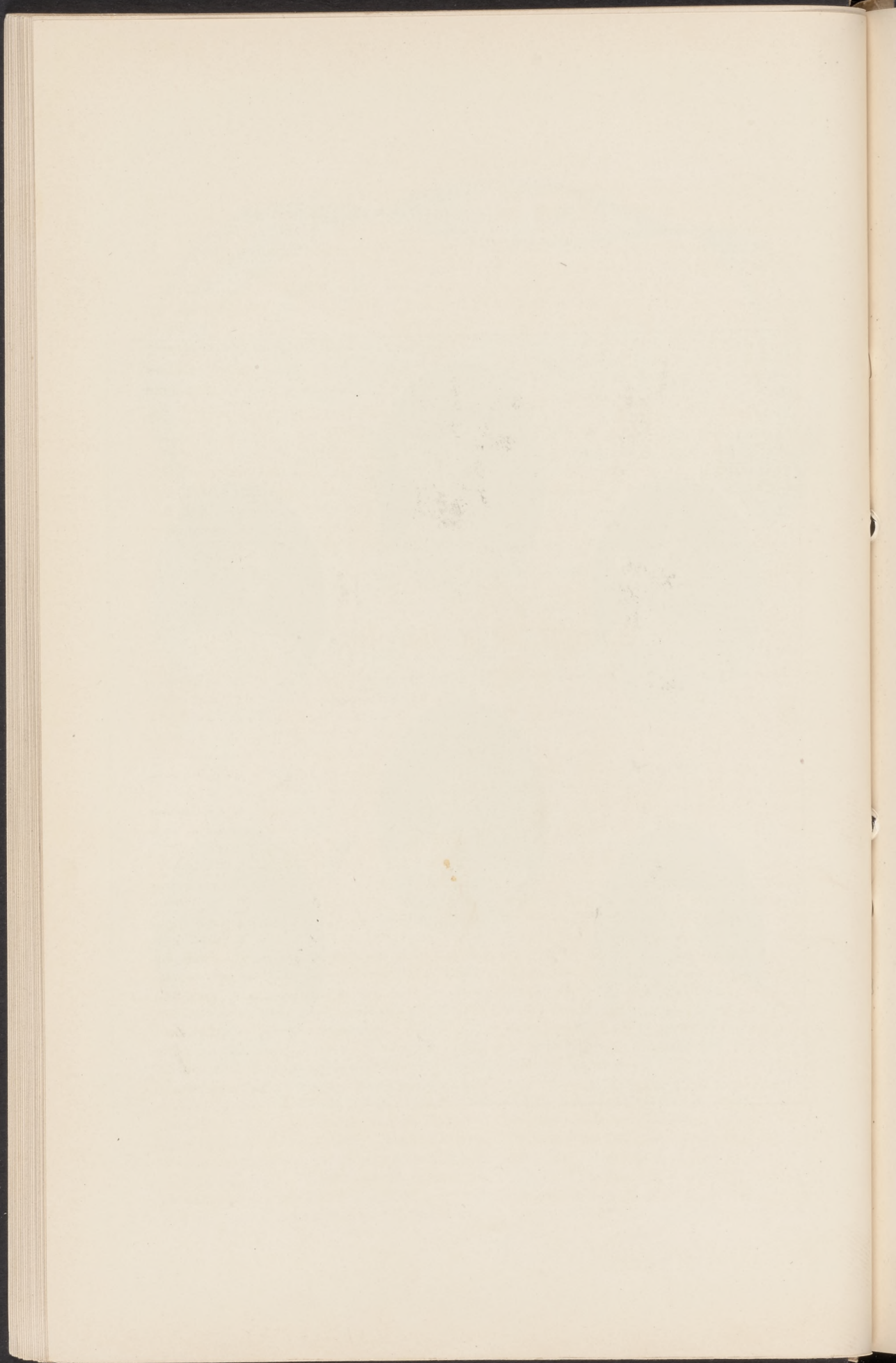
The Commercial Class of '08 has had the honor of being the one to start a new movement in the way of showing their ability to

use the typewriter and mimeograph. At the suggestion of Mr. Way we began to gather material for a paper, which we called "Type Writer Tappings", and which we printed on the regular school machines. With Mr. Way's assistance we selected fifty-five pages of work, consisting of letters, personal items about former students, joshes, poems, songs, yells, and ornamental designs. The cover design and some of the illustrations, "cuts", and heading were drawn by members of the class and run off on the mimeograph. We feel proud of the book as completed and each member of the class has a copy as a souvenir of the days spent

in the Commercial Department. The work was very interesting as well as helpful and we owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Way for his kindness in suggesting the idea and for the help he gave us in carrying it out.

We like our Commercial Room better each month we stay. It is such an improvement over the former quarters that we felt like doing better work all the time. The room is large and well lighted. The typing room is separated from the main body by a partition the upper part of which is made of glass. This shuts out the sound of the machines and adds to the appearance of the room rather than otherwise. Both Reming-





ton and Smith Premier machines are used, affording practice on both the single and double keyboard.

One of the things which is very marked in our High School is the lack of pictures to adorn the walls. Pictures add very much to the appearance of the rooms and are helpful in many other ways. Mr. Way had tried to remedy the defect in the Commercial Room by framing a fine engraving of pen flourishing, a copy of the original design of the seal of the State of California, and nine samples of ornamental work done on the typewriter.

The new picture, "The Man Who Knows," is not only quite a pretty picture but is a very appropriate one for the class room. These with two others have been added this year.

The school bank is at last running full blast, and is doing an immense business.

Anyone can get all the money he wants from a penny to a ten thousand dollar bill. The new glass front which was put in during the spring vacation week adds very greatly to the reality in the appearance of the equipment of the bank, which does a business amounting to several hundred thousand dollars a day.

The Department needs a filing case of several compartments to give practice in filing and indexing correspondence. Such a case would add very much to the interest in the work of transcribing and filing the letters in the shorthand classes. A new rotary neostyle was added to the school equipment this year. We have an Edison mimeograph also so that we can learn to operate both machines. The neostyle runs out much more work than the mimeograph.



Caught by a Burglar



T was a cold, rainy night and I shivered as I sat among the things I had taken from an old trunk in the house. I pulled out a hat and an old coat from the pile by my side and put them on, the coat covering up my skirts completely. Suddenly I heard the door open and as I turned around a bright light caught me in the face.

I was very much frightened and felt like screaming, but as I was the only one in the house I knew that it would do no good, so I put on a brave front and determined to try in some way to trick the intruder whom I knew must be a burglar.

He came closer to me and then I was able to see him better. He had a handkerchief tied over his face and his hat pulled down over his forehead so that I could distinguish only his eyes and a small part of his face. His clothes, with the exception of his hat, were perfectly dry, so that I knew he had an over coat somewhere in the house.

"Well, this is strange, two of us raiding the same house on the same night," said the intruder in a hoarse whisper. "How did you know that all the folks had left?"

"Yes, this is very strange," I answered,

"Have you gotten anything so far? I haven't much, but I thought I might find some other relics in these trunks that would be worth the while." As I spoke I was also thinking pretty hard as to the best way in which to catch this fellow who had so conveniently taken me for a fellow robber.

"Come," said he, "let's go and get things that are more valuable than anything you can find in there and get out of here."

"All right," I answered and we started for the dining room. On the way down stairs he stopped and went into two or three rooms to pick up what he could find.

We soon had all the silver in sacks and were about to leave the house when he noticed a trap door in one corner of the room. I had thought of the same thing and was hoping he would not see it, because we kept some money, trinkets and a lot of valuable papers there, but once he saw it, nothing would do except to open it, and this he did. When he had every thing that was in it he said:

"Well, kid," for this was the name he had applied to me, "I guess we had better be going before some one happens along and catches us at our work."

"All right," and I was glad to get him out

of the house although he had nearly every thing that was of much value.

As we were leaving I started for the front door and as I went by the hat rack in the hall, I took off a gossamer and put it on.

"Well," he said, "you are pretty bold to leave the house by the front door."

"You do not arouse suspicion as quickly by leaving the house through the door, as you would if you went out the window," I answered.

"That's right," he said, "But I choose the back door in place of the front," and as he said this he started toward the back of the house.

When we reached the kitchen I saw that he had come in through the back door which he had left open and on a chair by it lay his overcoat. He put it on without removing his mask so I could not make out his features. We left the house and after we had walked quite a distance he said in his hoarse whisper, that made me shiver, "I do not know your name and I don't care about it, nor do I care about giving you mine; but as you seem to be a bold, fearless kid, I would like to make a few more raids with you."

"I'm game," I answered, "And I know a house that we can rob and get a pretty good haul. I know a secret way by which I can get into the house before it is locked and conceal myself. Then when it is dark I will come out of my place of hiding and wait for you by the back door and let you in and we can have everything our own way as the family will be gone. I will be in the house early so you try and get there as soon after dark as you think safe."

"That's a fine plan!" he assured me when I had finished. "And I will be at the house at ten-thirty sharp. Now you be careful and don't get caught."

"All right," I said, "Now I think we had better part for the night, what share of this plunder do I get?"

"Well, as you had the house first I will give you everything, but tomorrow we divide even."

With this we parted, each going our own way. I was too frightened to return home, so I went to Julia Smith's, my chum, to spend the rest of the night.

I now saw my way clear to catch this fellow. I had given him the address of Julia's house. I would tell them of my plan and

have an officer there when this robber arrived and catch him. When I told Julia of my experience she wanted to wake her folks and start after the robber, but when I told her of my plan for the following night she was satisfied. I was of course very nervous and did not sleep any the rest of the night.

In the morning I told Julia's father and mother of my night's experience and we made plans to catch the thief. I did not go home as I was very nervous and my folks would not be home until late in the night.

As night drew on I became more excited. We had two officers come to the house and as ten-thirty drew near we put out all the lights and I went into the kitchen. The rest of the folks stayed in the next room so that when the robber was in the house they could throw open the doors and catch him.

Just as the clock struck ten-thirty a gentle tap came on the back door and I opened it and let him in. I did not notice the white handkerchief on his face, but as it was very dark I could not see clearly.

"Good evening," said he in the hoarse whisper which I at once recognized, "I see you are here all right."

At this the doors were thrown open and a bright light fell full on his face—who, to my surprise was there but Ray Woodworth, my old friend

As soon as I recovered myself, I told the officers to take the handcuffs off him and let him go. Then I dismissed them and we all had a good hearty laugh at my expense, only I was too excited to enjoy it much.

Mr. Woodworth and I soon left Julia's house and went home, where I found father and mother, who had just arrived, very much worked up about the disappearance of myself and the loss of the valuables. I soon had everything straight with them and told them how badly Mr. Woodworth had fooled me. He interrupted by saying, "Stole the most precious thing in the house."

CHARLES E. DENMAN '09.

"O ye leap year girls, to the rescue haste,

A momentous question has ris'n,—

When a leap year girl asks a young man's hand,

Should she get on her knees,—or his'n?"

—Ex.

BASKET BALL

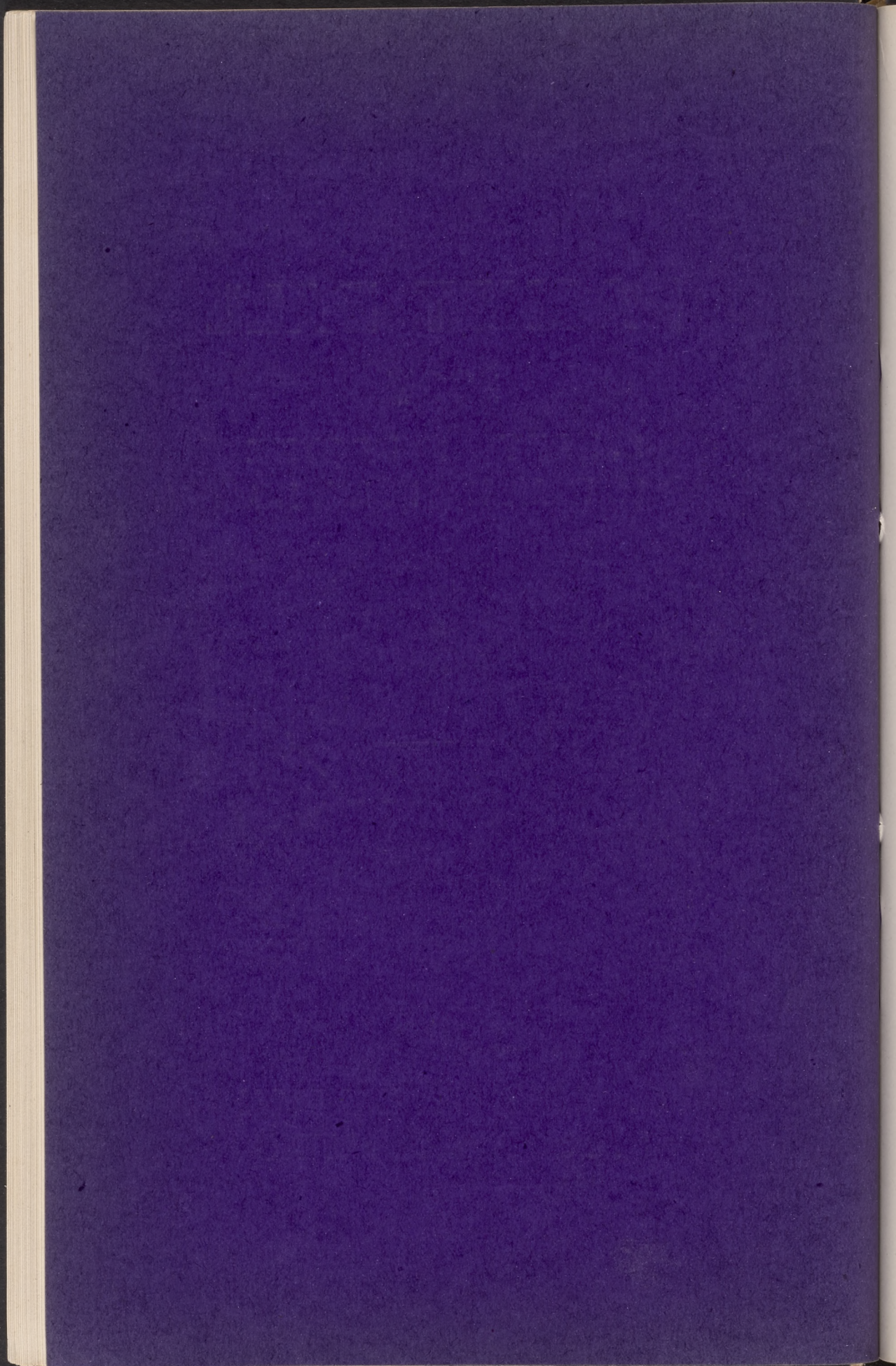
1907

L. HART R. BOOTHE
H. BAUGH R. EVANS



1908

O. BANTA C. DENMAN
R. BOOTHE R. EVANS





The Present— Twenty Years Hence.



ONE day, becoming tired of the daily routine of work, I decided to take an Eastern trip, so bought a round-trip ticket, good for ninety days, and started off on my journey. Several days were spent in each of the large cities, but most of my time was given over to visiting relatives in New England. The days flew by and it was not until three weeks before the expiration of my ticket, that I suddenly realized that I must soon begin my homeward journey in order to visit the South. I was especially desirous of staying over a few days in Washington, D. C., that I might see some of our government buildings.

It was early on a Friday morning that the train pulled into Washington. After securing apartments at a hotel, I went with a party of friends to view the White House and the grounds surrounding it, and in the afternoon visited the famous Congressional Library. I wandered around its spacious halls and galleries for some time, when suddenly my eye fell on a young man sitting at a table reading. I instantly recognized him as a former classmate of mine, so went up to him and said, "Pardon me, but isn't this Russell Boothe?"

"Well, I'll be — why, Ruth, how did you get here?"

"Well, how did you get here, yourself? I thought you were in Chicago."

"No, I'm working here in Washington, I've been here five years."

"Five years!" I exclaimed, "I don't see how you make that out. You were in Rawhide, Nevada, several years, and then in Chicago several years, so I don't see how you could be here five —".

"Yes, I was in Rawhide five years, in Alaska two years, in Montana three years, in Chicago two years, and I've been in Washington five years, he said.

"Hold on! that makes five, ten —",

"Seventeen years," he replied.

"Impossible! it surely isn't seventeen years since we graduated from Petaluma High School."

"Yes, it must be, we graduated in 1908 and this is 1925. But, my goodness, you don't look any older than you did seventeen years ago."

"Well, you look the same as ever, and I see you're not bald yet," said I.

"No, not yet, but when did you come to Washington?"

"This morning," I replied.

"You're only visiting here, then "

"Yes, I am on my way home, after visiting in New England, and shall stop over here until Monday. Didn't you say you were working here, Russell?"

"Yes, I have been working in the Treasury Department since I came here and am now first assistant to the head bookkeeper here. I am due there in fifteen minutes, but tomorrow is Saturday and I get through my work at noon, so probably you would

enjoy a trip up the Potomac in the afternoon."

As we were nearing the city after our trip up the historic river, Russell suddenly remarked, "I had a letter from Harold Baugh the other day, and what do you suppose he said Bryan Rice was doing?"

"Why, I don't know, raising rattlesnakes or something of the sort, I suppose."

"No, he is a traveling book agent."

"Book agent!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, you know Bryan always liked girls,—little girls,—that lived on his road to school. Well, one of these little girls whom Bryan had known since schooldays, jilted him for another fellow, so now in order to forget his troubles Bryan is traveling."

"Poor Bryan! Trouble always seemed to follow him. But if Bryan is like he used to be, I should think he would make a profitable income as a book agent. Did you say you had a letter from Harold Baugh?"

"Yes, he is in Panama."

"What is he doing there?" I asked.

"He is making Panama hats. Say, do you remember that little girl with light hair, that Harold used to go moonlight buggy riding with?"

"Yes, I know who you mean but I can't think of her name," I replied.

"Well, he married her, and now it seems they go automobiling by moonlight instead of buggy riding."

"Is that so? Russell, do you remember how Harold and Florence Walsh used to be argue in class over the least little things, and how provoked Mr. Newell would be?"

"Well, I guess yes."

"You know while I was in Chicago I took a notion to go to a palmist, so I went to a certain Madam Giavanovich. She was very good and told me about many things that had happened. There seemed to be something familiar about her eyes and pretty soon I found out it was Florence Walsh. We talked over old times and had a real pleasant time. Florence isn't so full of mischief as she used to be in school, though."

"So Florence is a palmist? I never thought she would choose that as a profession," said Russell. Here our talk of schoolmates ended as we neared my hotel, and it was not taken up again until that same evening at the theatre when Russell announced that he

had seen my old friend Veda Bowles, in New Orleans. I immediately began to ask many questions concerning Veda, so Russell explained.

"I was in New Orleans last spring," he said, "and one evening went to the grand opera, and whom should I recognize as the prima donna of the company but Veda Bowles. Her best song and the one she seemed to like the best during the performance was, 'As Panteth the Hart.'"

"Oh! it was no wonder she sang that so well," said I.

"Yes, there's some reason for that. After the theatre was over I had a talk with her. She talked just as much as ever and had the same happy-go-lucky way."

"I wish I could see Veda, I should like to have a talk with her again."

"Both of you talked enough when you went to school," said Russell. "There is one thing I chiefly remember about Veda and that is the way she used to pull the stray hairs out of the top of my head and bat me over the back with her books. That was the reason her German book was always in such poor condition. Gee — sometimes my back feels sore yet when I think of those blows."

"I had a postal from Sophia Schuler Forceps, today," I remarked.

"Sophia Schuler, why that part of it is familiar. What did you say her name is?"

"Sophia Schuler Forceps," I replied.

"Oh, yes, I remember Sophia, where is she, anyway? I suppose you hear from her often, you were always good friends."

"Yes, I often hear from Sophia. She was in Paris when she sent this postal. She is traveling in Europe with her husband who is a commercial traveler."

"I haven't heard anything about Sophia for years, but often wondered if she had settled down yet. I think she was in the fifth grade of the Grammar school with me, and weren't you in that grade, too?" asked Russell.

"Yes there were four of us who were always together in school from the fifth grade up through the High School."

"Who was the fourth one?"

"Roy Evans," I said.

"I might have known that if I had thought. And by the way, Roy is still manager and

coach of the Olympic Club of New York."

"Coach of the Olympic Club!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, he has had that position a long time. I saw him in New York two years ago."

"But don't you remember how small and ———."

"I know Roy used to be rather frail but now he is tall and corpulent. During his college days Roy received many medals for athletic victories so he received this fine position," said Russell.

"Good for Roy! I always knew he would make something of himself."

The next day was Sunday, so in the afternoon Russell brought his fine touring car around and we went sightseeing. There is certainly no better way of seeing a city than in an automobile. The Federal buildings are beautiful and are well kept up, and there are many fine residences in Washington, so it is really well worth while to visit this city. As we went spinning along, my thoughts kept going back to days spent in the old Petaluma High School and I asked Russell if he remembered our Vergil class.

"Remember it! I should say I do. I also remember very vividly how I had to study that last year at school, and I burned the midnight oil many a time over that 'bloom-ing' old Latin."

"So do I remember that part of it very well. Mr. Singer used to give us almost as many ex's as Miss Perkins."

"Do you remember, Ruth, how Mr. Singer used to make us scan that old Latin poetry?"

"Indeed I do! But poor Mr. Singer's untiring and patient efforts to get that stuff into my head were useless. I never could see any sense to it, could you?"

"No!" exclaimed Russell, "it was all foolishness working a fellow's brains out on that stuff. Myra Green was in that Vergil class. Do you know what Myra is doing now?"

"Yes, I had a letter from Myra a few days ago, and she is now Dean of the Women Students of the University of California," I replied.

"I always thought that Myra would be connected with some big institution of learning."

"Yes, Myra always did like school-work, but

Russell, wasn't it too bad about Irene Mackay?"

"Irene Mackay?"

"Yes, you surely remember her, don't you?" asked I teasingly.

"I should say I do; I couldn't forget her. But hurry up, tell me about her, nothing serious happened to her, I hope?"

"You know how quiet and still Irene always was."

"Yes."

"Well, as time went on she became more and more quiet until the doctors didn't know what to think of her, and at last came to the conclusion that it would be quite a profitable financial scheme if she would consent to remain in one position for a certain length of time, so that she might be used as a statue at large social affairs."

"Well, of all things!"

"J. Pierpont Morgan, the Vanderbilts, and all the wealthy society people of New York now hire her for their large social affairs as an ornament to their drawing rooms. At one time she takes on the semblance of Venus, and at another of Diana and so on."

"I used to like quiet people like Irene, but it is sad, when their quietness becomes as intensified as all that," said her old-time "admirer." (?)

"Lily Wilstrup used to be quiet at school, Russell."

"Lily! You wouldn't think so if you could hear her now. Several months ago Francis Heney of San Francisco was booked to speak in a large theatre here in Washington, but his train was late so a speaker was put on to fill up the time until Mr. Heney arrived, and who should it be but Lily Wilstrup and she lectured on Woman's Rights."

"I never thought Lily would make a public speaker, her voice was so weak," I remarked.

"She certainly is far from quiet now. I talked to her after the speaking was over and she asked me how I was, but, by George before I could open my mouth she was going on full blast about Women's Rights, and I couldn't even get a word in edgeways."

"Goodness, she must have talked some then Russell."

"Well, I could have fallen over when I saw her come out before all those people.

Julia Church was also one of the quiet ones of our class."

"Haven't you heard about Julia?" I asked.

"No, what about her? I thought she was going to be a teacher."

"Yes, she taught out at the Wilson School near Petaluma for several years after she finished Normal School. Then she became a governess in various families in Montana, but there were so many cavaliers in that state that every time the charming Julia turned around, one would be on his knees before her and she was kept busy rejecting their attentions. You can well imagine how her pupils suffered in consequence."

"It's funny how people change as they grow older, don't you remember how quiet (?) I used to be, and now I talk much more than I did fifteen years ago."

"Yes, Russel, you used to be exceedingly

quiet (?), but it is different after you are out of school."

"Yes," Russell went solemnly on, "that's right you know, Ruth, when you are going to school and expect to get anything out of it, you have to study, study, study all the time. I know I didn't have time to act silly, and I guess you didn't either."

"No," indeed," I replied, "I always put in all my spare time studying."

It was now time to say farewell, as I had to catch the train for my California home. At the depot we had time to speak a few moments, and decided to appoint ourselves a committee to send invitations to all the members of the class of "naughty eight" for its first reunion to be held in Petaluma, June 11, 1938, when we should all meet together once more.

—R. T. '08.



The Eternal Feminine



T was a warm, sultry afternoon in July. Billy trudged slowly home from school along a dusty little side street. There was nothing particularly strange about this as Billy rarely hurried home and often went by the side street so he could play a game or two of marbles without being disturbed. But the strange part of it was Billy was alone and seemed to be thinking seriously. He was always with a crowd of boys and the most care-free of them all, so no wonder his mother, hurrying home from a neighbor, was surprised to meet him walking slowly and quietly along. She was too wise, however, to ask any questions, for she felt sure that she would soon hear what was the matter, nor was she mistaken.

That evening he asked his father for fifty cents to buy a ticket to the circus, which was to be in the town the next day. "But that only costs twenty-five cents, Billy," said his father. Billy turned very red in the face but managed to stammer. "I—er—I am going to take some body else, too."

Mr. Brown smiled and handed him the money.

The next morning he was late to school. When questioned by the teacher he did not give a very satisfactory answer so was kept in at recess. He managed, however, as the boys and girls marched past him on their way out of the room, to slip a note into the hand of a certain young lady with red hair and turned up nose, whose name was Katy Parker. At the end of recess she returned the note in the same manner. A few minutes later she looked shyly around at him. He winked and nodded and she smiled knowingly in response. Billy held two circus tickets where she could see them and winked again.

The school was to have a half-holiday that afternoon on account of the circus, and the teacher excused them at eleven. Billy rushed home, and without eating any dinner, hurried to his room to dress.

After being gone about an hour, he came out, dressed in his best, with his hair carefully parted, and a bright red necktie in his

hand, which he asked his mother to tie.

Finally he started off. Instead of going straight to the circus grounds, however, he directed his steps toward the abode of Miss Parker. When he rang the door bell he was very nervous, but the sight of Katy's smiling face promptly restored him. Ten minutes later he was proudly escorting her into the circus tent. After a little discussion they selected a seat where they would be able to see to the best advantage, but no sooner were they seated than somebody behind them snickered, and Billy heard a voice, which he was sure belonged to Jim Mathews, say, "Hey, boys, look at Bill." He felt himself turning very red and was still more embarrassed when Katy giggled, and said, "Oh, that horrid Jim, I just can't bear him; can you?" He mumbled something in response, then quickly turned his attention to one of the clowns.

All during the performance Billy was very uncomfortable. He could hear the boys behind him making remarks and laughing. This did not seem to bother Katy, in the least, but for the first time in his life, Billy wished he had not come to the circus. At last the performance ended and he hurried Katy toward the door as fast as he could. They were about halfway to the entrance when he heard Jim Mathews' voice right behind him again, saying, "Say, fellows, let's go home with 'em." Billy was in despair. It

was bad enough when he was at the circus, but if the boys followed him home he knew he would never hear the end of it.

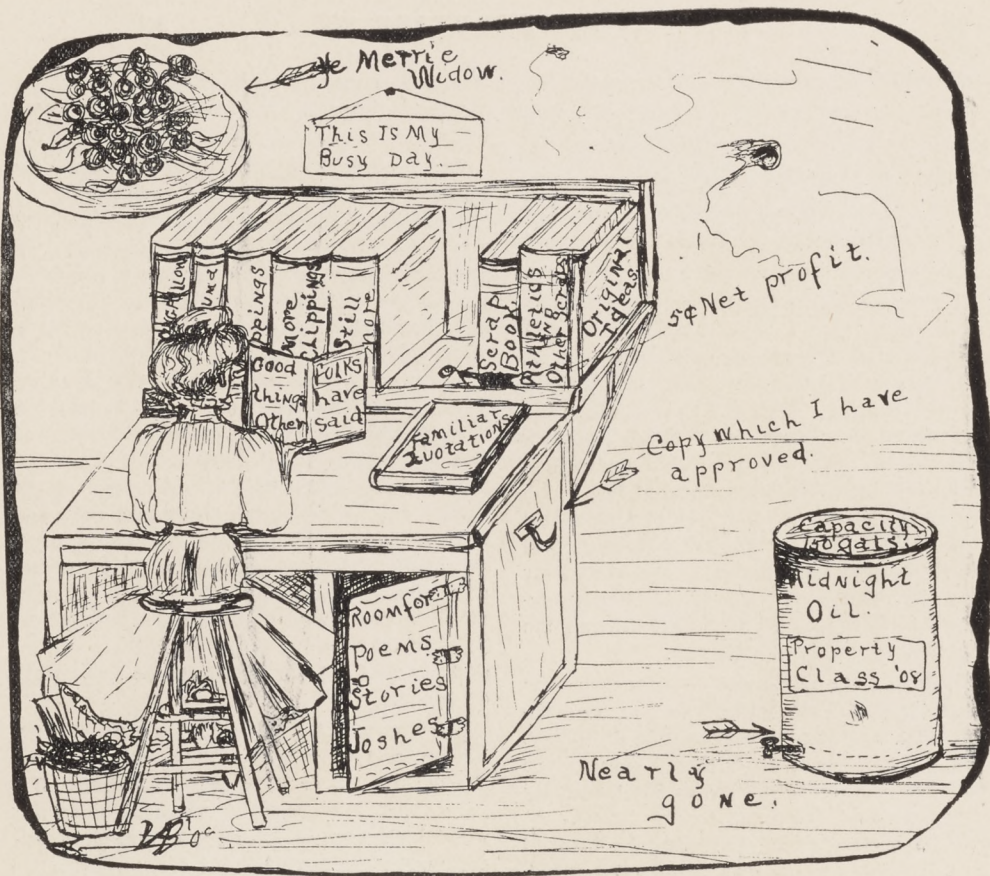
They were, by this time, crowded up against the side of the tent. Suddenly he had an inspiration. Right beside him was a small opening in the wall. He and Katy would go through here and thus avoid their tormentors. He grabbed Katy by the arm, gave her a shove through the door and started to follow. He stopped halfway, however, too scared to move either way. The opening led into the animals' tent, and in getting through he had pushed Katy so hard that she had tripped and fallen at the feet of a large elephant. The startled and angry animal seized her in his trunk and gave her a toss that sent her into the midst of a crowd of frightened onlookers. Then to his still greater terror Billy saw that Mr. and Mrs. Parker had witnessed the whole affair. Frightened half out of his wits, Billy turned and ran and did not stop until he had reached home.

That evening Mr. Parker called on Mr. Brown, and they held a long conference in the parlor. Later Billy and his father had a very short, but emphatic consultation in the woodshed, from which Billy emerged, a sadder and wiser boy.

He has not spoken to Katy Parker since then and says he never did care much for circuses, anyway.

—SHIRLEY BOCK '11.





...The Enterprise...

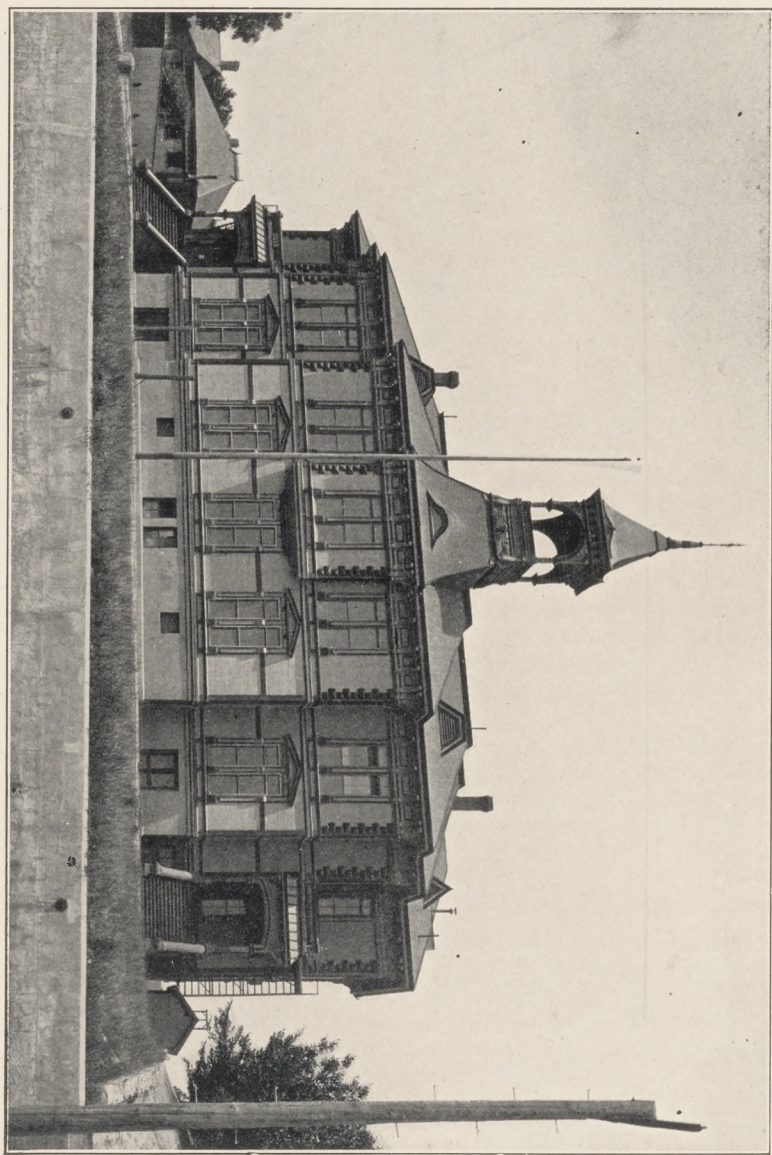
Published annually by the Senior Class of the Petaluma High School.

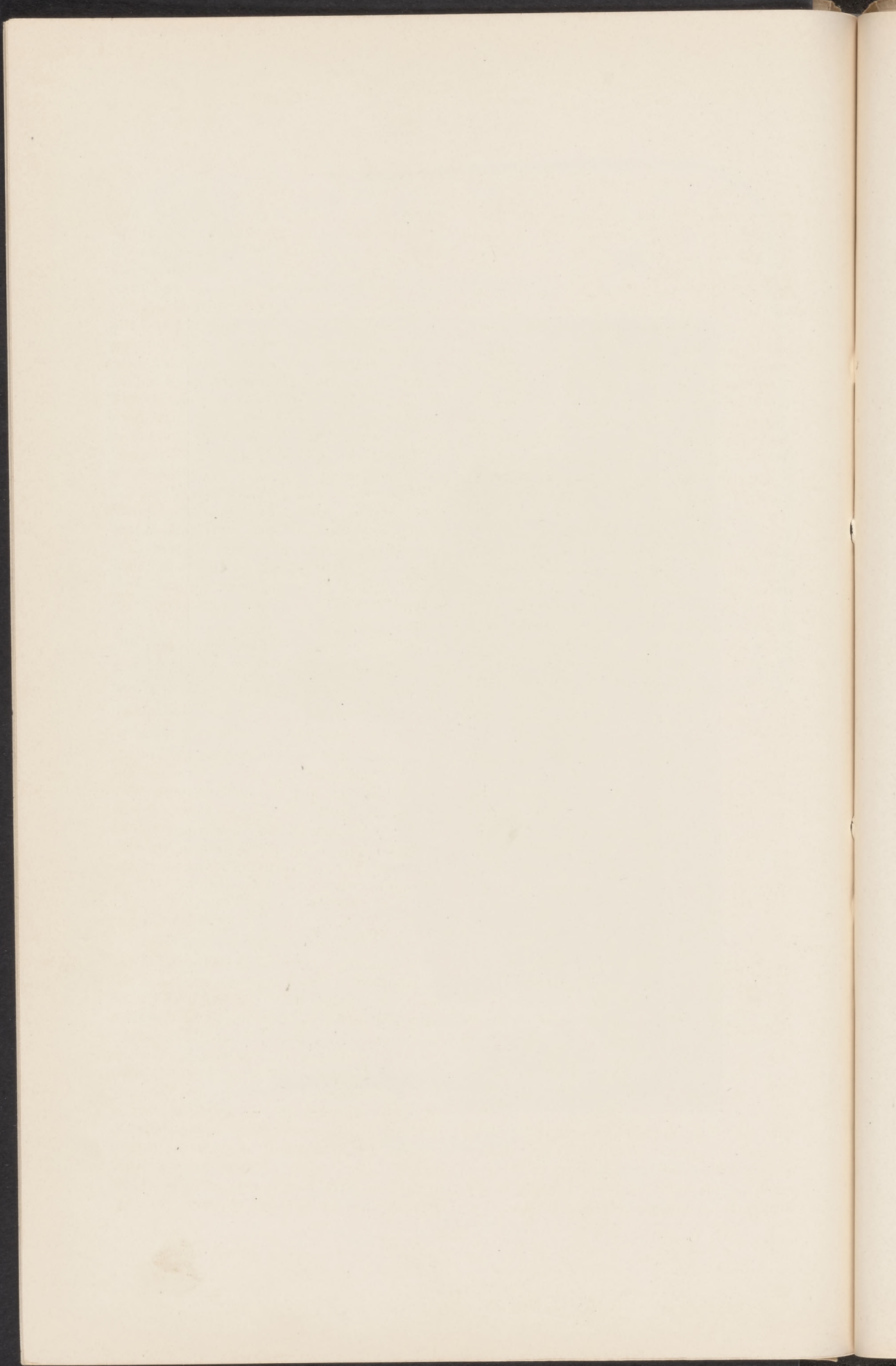
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Alumni	- - - LILY WILSTRUP	Artists - VEDA BOWLES, ROY EVANS

Business Staff

Business Manager	- - - - -	RUSSELL BOOTHE
Associate Business Manager	- - - - -	JULIA CHURCH







THE first volume of the Enterprise appeared in 1880 and was edited by the student body. They owned their own type and set it up themselves, but had the paper printed down town. At that time it was a monthly, but very small, and it cost very little to get it out, but the world has progressed since then and although it is only an annual now published by the graduating class, it is on a very extensive scale. In presenting to the public the twenty-ninth volume of the Enterprise, the members of the Class of '08 have striven to leave behind them as a memento, a paper which will do them credit, and to which they can look back in after years with pride. They wish to thank the students of the and the general public for so kindly patronizing all their entertainments, by means of which, they raised money for the publication of this paper without advertisements. The Editors also wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have assisted them in endeavoring to make the Enterprise of 1908 a success, for without the loyal support of those who have had real interest at heart, they could never have accomplished their end.

It may be of interest to know something of the early history of the P. H. S. and its life during the years of its infancy. In 1867 Judge Lippitt built what is now known as the "D Street School" and organized a private school in the form of an academy. He directed this school for several years, when the City of Petaluma bought it, and

made of it a public high school. The first class graduated in 1875 and throughout the years men and women have gone forth from the doors of the P. H. S. who have done her great credit. The first principal was Prof. C. E. Hutton and while he remained was the only teacher. We can not but compare the High School of 1875 with that of 1908. Then one teacher and fifty pupils, now six teachers and about one hundred and fifty pupils. In those early days it was carried on very much like a grammar school, in that there was nothing connected with it, such as athletics, school entertainments, or paper. In those days they went in purely and simply for study, with nothing to enliven the daily routine. But those things all came in their own good time and after some years the school on the hill was built and ever since the high school pupils have been seen wending their way hillward and probably will continue to do so for many years to come.

The Class of '08 well remember how Mr. Newell entered the P. H. S. as a Freshman in misery, with all the rest of us, and how he saved us from many a good old-fashioned ducking, and now he is leaving with us. It is with profound regret that the pupils who remain, seen him go, and '08 can not but think that the Fates have been kind indeed in allowing her to pass through the whole four years of the high school course with the same hand at the helm. We wish him Godspeed and unbounded success in the work which he is to undertake.



LET'S be enterprising. This is an age of enterprise. Why not wake the school up next term and agreeably surprise everybody with a Christmas Enterprise? Surely it is not too much for this school to do when Santa Rosa can get out a good paper every month. Out of the number in this school three or four officials can easily be found who are enterprising enough to carry out this idea, and publish a good lively paper at the close of the next term. Aside from its literary value it will arouse much greater interests in school so-

ciety in all its branches. It will remind the pupils and inform outsiders of the good work the school has just completed and show the prospects of a bright half year to come. Of late there has been shamefully little literary work done outside of class, so a bright mid-year Enterprise is exactly what we are in need of. Just as the prosperity of a city or town can be quite accurately gauged by the quality of its newspapers, so the life of a high school can also be judged by its paper. Many schools much smaller than ours have semi-annual editions and it is high time for us to get to work. All that

is necessary is to call a meeting of the school in the first week of the term and choose an editor, a manager, their assistants and a few others, and hold these persons responsible for a good paper. At the same time, however, you must help these officials with your interest and talent, and thus you

will be sure of an interesting Christmas number which will go far toward the advancement of the school and its athletics and be an honor to the school. Take the hint. Be enterprising and establish the precedent this next year.



HE mentioning of Mr. Newell's withdrawal naturally leads to a discussion of the changes since Mr. Newell has been with us. When he came the faculty was all new with the exception of Miss Perkins and Mr. Singer but there have been only two changes since then. Miss White of the mathematics department remained only five months and Miss Watkins came to take her place. This was Miss Watkins' first experience as a High School teacher, but she has proven herself equal to the occasion. After two years Miss Anthony, of the Chemistry Department, left us to fill a position in Berkeley High and Miss Daniel has had charge of that work for the last two years.

Many changes in the school building have been made in the last four years. A new Latin Room was made by combining a part of the upper hall and one of the superfluous cloak rooms, of which there are only about two dozen in the building. At this same time the study hall was moved down stairs by tearing out the partitions between two rooms and making them one. This is a great convenience when meetings are held out of school hours for strangers do not have to go stumbling through a long dreary hall and fall up stairs to gain their destination. It is also a much greater convenience in many ways, for general use especially for the pupils who barely reach the outside door when the bell rings. They now merely have to make a dash for the study hall door whereas before they never could ascend the stairs in time, so in this way it decreases the tardy record to a large degree.

With the building of the Washington Grammar the primary pupils who had inhabited one of the rooms of the High School were moved into one of the other schools, and on the removal of the infants that room

was turned into a History Room and the room upstairs which had formerly been used for that purpose was made the English Room and poor Miss Perkins was at rest at last! Before that she could be seen going through the hall like a streak of lightning, with an arm full of books almost as large as herself, on her way to a class meeting in any room in the building not occupied at that time by another class.

The old study hall upstairs, was made into a Commercial Room and the one previously used by those branches was occupied by the Mathematics Department and the Physics Laboratory. In this way all of the Departments of Commerce were placed in the one room and the typewriters could be moved from the hall down stairs to a part of the new Commercial Room especially partitioned off for them. In fact, the only room not changed was the Chemistry Laboratory which is still in the same old northwest corner of the building where the wind bangs the windows until you think they are going to be blown in and screeches around the corner with a most unearthly sound.

Under Mr. Newell's direction the Athletic Association was organized. This was a branch of school activity particularly needed, for nothing can be accomplished in that line without the co-operation of the whole student body. This organization has a regular constitution and board of officers, including an executive committee, but a committee which meets twice a day is not sufficient to obtain the desired results. As a result of the earnest efforts of the foremost members of this association there is a prospect of having a track in the near future. This is to be built around the Washington Grammar and will be a great help to the boys in training.

In this connection, we wish to urge upon those who have charge of the athletic inter-

ests of the school, the desirability of securing a Field Day meet of the S. M. A. A. L., in Petaluma, in the near future. It has been many years since that event has been held in this city and it is about time that some people were waking up to the fact that it brings enthusiasm, school spirit, which is badly needed, and a higher standard of athletics for the home school.

One thing which we are desirous to impress upon the minds of the students of the High School is this: The desirability of having more of your social gatherings at the homes of the students. It is much more pleasant to have your little class affairs in somebody's parlor, than in a cold, uncomfortable school house, which is built for school and not for social events. In the home there is the hostess, the principal in making all social events successes. Try this and see if you don't have a better time.

Petaluma High School has reached the bottom of the ladder in Athletics and seems inclined to stay there unless we rouse ourselves and get into action right away. We have the honor of being last in the S. M. A. A. L. and for baseball we could not get nine men to practice. Girl's basketball, although the team practiced well, did not accomplish much because not enough games were scheduled.

There is no respectable excuse for this bad condition of affairs, excepting that of sickness in the track team. With this exception athletics are so low simply on account of lack of application sufficient to make the required grade in studies, indifference in planning for games, and lack of spirit in practicing and in going to practice. But now we have been down long enough. We must begin to climb immediately.

Mr. Newell has helped as much as he could with his interest and supervision, but unfortunately he has not had the actual experience necessary to train the boys. If it were possible to get a principal who, while having enthusiasm, also had experience,

matters would be much simplified and other difficulties would be overcome much easier. Such a principal would naturally arouse greater interest in athletics and also see that proper training was done. The boys would then be anxious to train and so would win what they undertook. We will probably have the track around the Washington Grammar School in condition for training purposes when the term opens and then there will be no excuse that there is no place for good training. In baseball and basket ball the manager must not be let alone until he has arranged for games far in advance so there will always be some definite end to work for.

This year not many earned their "P". To win this one must gain a second or a first place in the S. M. A. A. L. meet, or play in eight games of either baseball or basket ball, one winning game counting as two games toward the eight. Next year there must be twice as many names on the list as there are this year.

If Petaluma High School determines to win she can do so, but first the pupils must make the grade in studies required to enter athletics. Then they must train and practice early and late, not in the hap-hazard way they have been doing lately but with vim and determination, and they must also think all the time whether they are doing their best and try to improve. What is needed for this training more than everything else is a good coach. If we could get some one who could coach the boys, athletics in this school would spring up with great rapidity and our next team would be a surprise to all.

However, if this is not possible the boys can improve if they only set their mind on it and keep at it. We hope to see rapid strides taken this next term for Petaluma High School has been at the foot too long already and must begin to work right away.

Early Days



THREE European nations took part in the discovery and early exploration of Sonoma county. Over three centuries ago in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Drake, sailing around the world in the "Golden Hind," anchored for a few weeks in a little bay just below Point Reyes and some thirty miles distant from Petaluma. Tradition says that the Indians first burned their villages in fear of the stranger but later looked upon him as the Great Spirit. Drake took possession of the country in the name of Elizabeth. "Our necessaire business being ended," runs the old account, "Our General with his companie travailed up into the countrey to their villaiges, where we found heardes of deere by 1,000 in a companie, being most large and fat of bodie * * * Our General called this countrey Nova Albion * * * There is no part of the earth here to be taken up wherein there is not a reasonable quantitie of gold or silver."

Cabrillo forty years before Drake, had discovered Cape Mendocino. The first of the old navigators, however, to touch the coast of Sonoma county was Lieut. Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, who two centuries after Drake's visit, entered and explored Bodega Bay.

San Francisco and San Pablo Bays had been discovered a few years earlier, and in 1775 explorers entered the creeks flowing into San Pablo Bay and "bartered beads for fish with the friendly natives." The next year, in an effort to find a connection between the waters of Bodega and San Pablo Bays, the first voyage was made up Petaluma creek. At this time on the Atlantic coast were occurring the stirring events which opened the American Revolution. The first dwelling house north of the bay was now erected. Some Spaniards, kindly received by the Indians at Olompall, taught them the art of adobe brick-making. A one-room house sixteen by twenty feet was built, the roof thatched with tules and open in the center to permit the escape of smoke. This house no longer stands, but an addition built in

1813 is still used as a residence by Mr. Burdell.

Vancouver's visit to San Francisco Bay in 1792 led the Spaniards to send a garrison and four guns to Bodega, but they were soon removed to Monterey when the danger of English occupation had passed away.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the Spaniards began to look over the northern country more carefully. Bodega was visited again. The officials engaged in founding the San Rafael Mission in 1817 explored the surrounding country and reported having seen from a hilltop "the Canada de los Olompalis and the Llano de los Petalumas." An exploring expedition a few years later crossed from the Sacramento valley to the coast and came south through Sonoma county.

From 1812 to 1840, the Russians, who were engaged in the fur trade in Alaska established settlements at Bodega and Fort Ross for the purpose of raising cattle and grain to feed their Alaska colony. Ross was by far the strongest fort in the West, and the Russians were allowed to remain for the excellent reason that the Spaniards were unable to dislodge them. The Russians, not supported by the home government and discouraged by poor crops, sold out in 1840 to Capt. Sutter.

As a part of the great plan for Christianizing the Indians and also as a check to the Russians, Sonoma, the last of the missions, was founded in 1823. The Petaluma, Napa, Suisun, and Sonoma valleys were explored, and the latter was chosen as the site on account of its central location, its abundance of wood, and its excellent springs and streams. The Petaluma plain lacked water. While encamped here the party fell in with eight or ten Petalumas who were fleeing from the Libantiloquemi, hostile Indians of the Santa Rosa valley.

Gov. Figueroa in 1834 made a tour of the northern country with Vallejo. The next year, the missions having just been secularized, Vallejo was ordered to lay out a town at Sonoma. As a check to the Russians three settlers were granted lands near Bodega. Vallejo ruled the Indians firmly

and wisely. "Here there was no semblance of Apache raids" as in the south, "no sacking of ranches, no loss of civilized life * *

* Vallejo's Indian policy must be regarded as excellent and effective when compared with any other policy ever followed in California." In 1838 the smallpox carried off thousands of these Indians and not enough were left to offer any serious resistance to immigrants.

Except for the little village of Sonoma, the Russian settlement, and a few isolated adobe buildings, Sonoma county in 1840 belonged to the Indian, the elk, and the grisly Vallejo's adobe ranch house dominated the Petaluma plain, and half a dozen other adobe houses were to be seen at Santa Rosa, Mark West Creek, Russian River, and in the Redwoods near Bodega. Captain Stephen Smith in 1843 erected a residence and mill at Bodega. It was a great event when this first steam-saw and grist mill was set up in California. General Vallejo rode all the way from Sonoma to see it, and the occasion was celebrated by a barbecue.

The Bear Flag war of 1846 interrupted the peaceful and uneventful life of the lonely valleys. The United States was about to make war upon Mexico and Commodore Sloat had been sent to the Pacific with orders to seize the ports of Monterey and San Francisco as soon as war should be declared. On July 7th at Monterey he hauled down the Mexican and ran up the American flag. Three weeks before a band of thirty-three Americans had taken Sonoma, captured General Vallejo, and hoisted the famous Bear Flag. A day or two later Thomas Cowie and George Fowler volunteered to go to the Fitch ranch (near Healdsburg) and get a keg of powder from Mose Carson. They were captured near Santa Rosa by a band of Californians and brutally murdered. When the news of the outrage reached Santa Rosa twenty-three men under command of Lieut. Ford set out to avenge their death. They came across the Californians at Olompali and here was fought the hardest battle of the war. The enemy numbered eighty-three. The Americans dismounted and under cover of the brush awaited the attack. As the Californians came within range the American rifles rang out and eight of the assaulting party lay dead upon the field and two were

wounded. The remainder broke for the hills and a few days later escaped across the bay.

The town of Sonoma was a central point for a while after the Bear Flag Revolution, and in the early gold days was a distributive point for supplies for the gold seekers, but was soon supplanted by more accessible places. Gold dust sold for a time at from four to five dollars an ounce, and gambling was indulged in on a large scale.

From Sonoma the drift of early settlement was toward Bodega, where the Russians had tilled the soil and where Capt. Stephen Smith had established himself. He was able to supply settlers with seed potatoes, and as potatoes were in great demand in the mines the crop proved profitable, although after a few years the acreage was increased to the point of overproduction.

The first settlements in Petaluma except for a single log cabin, were made by market hunters who came up from San Francisco. The country abounded in elk, deer, antelope, panthers, and grisly bear. The game was very tame. "On more than one occasion," relates a pioneer, "cattle and elk were driven into a corral together on the Petaluma ranch." Another tells of "elk by the hundred, antelope on the plains like flocks of sheep, deer in the woodlands so numerous that at every clump of bushes a buck seemed hidden, jumping out as we passed like jack rabbits in Fresno county * * * the face of the country wore a smiling aspect, suggesting nothing of a wilderness, but looking rather like an English park or the prairies of Iowa." "The valleys and hillsides were covered with wild oats from four to eight feet in height." The first hay cut in Petaluma was stacked at the corner of the present Washington and Main streets.

Many thrilling encounters took place with grisly bears. Tom Vacquero, a famous rider of Marin, on one occasion being without his rifle, lassoed a grisly, but the ground being soft his horse became tired, while the bear, taking hold of the riata, began to pull the horse and rider toward him hand over hand. Tom was glad to escape by clutting the valuable lasso. One old grisly was accustomed to cross from Sonoma mountain to Burdell's, swimming the canal. Perhaps no more dangerous experience is recorded than that of two men who in Mendocino county in

1849 fired into a group of five grislys. A wounded bear lunging into the tree to which one of the men had retreated, broke it down and siezed the hunter, who by feigning death, eventually escaped, terribly mangled.

The Petaluma market hunters of 1850 made this their home. Other settlers, many of them ex-miners, followed, and a little ho-

tel was eventually opened. Easy water communication with San Francisco marked the spot as the proper site for a future city. Land titles were tested in the courts and some of the old grants thrown open to settlers. The Petaluma Rancho passed away and Petaluma took its place.

—J. B. NEWELL.

A Modern Romance

ACT. I.

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruin-
ation.

Dissipation, degredation, reformation or
starvation.

Application, situation, occupation, restor-
ation.

Concentration, inervation, nerve prostra-
tion, a vacation.

ACT II.

Destination, country station, nice location.
recreation.

Exploration, observation, fascination, flirta-
tion.

Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simil-
ation.

Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold
libation.

ACT III.

Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new po-
tation.

Demonstration, agitation, consolation, ex-
clamation.

Declaration, acception, occulation, sweet
sensation.

Exultation, preparation, combination, new
relation. (curtain.)

It Was Only Mr. Singer

About 3:20 o'clock on a certain Friday afternoon, the entire school was alarmed by a loud noise accompanied by a trembling of the building, as though shaken by an earthquake. Upon investigation it was found to be nothing more serious than Mr. Singer executing some gymnastics in the desk chair on the study hall rostrum. No one was injured, though the platform is now unfirm and the building is moved a little off its foundation.



SCHOOL opened on August 19th and it was good to see again the same familiar faces. The Freshmen of which there was a very large class could be seen wandering about the hall with eyes and mouth wide open. Indeed there were so many and they spent so much time in "rubbering" and not attending to business that the upper class men could not move without running over a half a dozen, more or less.

The first thing of importance which happened was the election of officers by the several classes. They were as follows:

SENIORS:—

President—Russell Boothe.
Vice-President—Roy Evans.
Secretary-Treasurer—Veda Bowles.

Soon after this the Seniors organized the Enterprise staff.

JUNIORS:—

President—Lillis Hemphill.
Vice-President—Kitty Connolly.
Secretary-Treasurer—Bessie Gaver.

Miss Gayer left school about Christmas, so Charles Green was elected to fill her place.

SOPHOMORE:—

President—Emil Nattkemper.
Vice-President—Lorene Meyers.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mamie Burleigh.

The Freshmen thought they would have some officers also, so under the paternal guidance of the Juniors they elected the following:

President—Harry Stratton.
Vice-President—Clifford Allan.

Secretary-Treasurer—Earl Pressey.

Both Harry and Earl have left school and as no others have been elected to fill their places the poor Freshies are rather destitute of rulers.

The officers of the Athletic Association, which composed of the majority of the student body, are:

President—Mr. Newell.

General Manager—Charles Denman.

The Athletic Committee, which holds meetings at all hours of the day and night, is composed of these two officers together with the captain and manager of the Girls' Basket Ball team, and a representative from each of the classes.

After the officers of these various organizations were elected all settled down and the regular routine school work went on undisturbed until it was decided that the Athletic Association needed money and needed it badly, so Mr. Newell set his brain to work and it was decided that "Bi Bi", a musical fantasy, should be given in the Opera House on October 4th, under the able direction of Mr. Reber. The Grammar and High School combined to make it a success and as a result "Bi Bi" was presented before a crowded house. It was something so entirely different from anything that had ever been taken up by the schools that great interest was taken in it by the outside public and it was talked of for many days.

Because of the great success of the first production of "Bi Bi" it was repeated on November 9th, under the auspices of the Senior Class. Although there was not nearly

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08.

as large a house as at the first presentation, the Seniors realized a neat little sum for the "Enterprise Fund."

After coming back to school in January the Seniors realized the fact that they were "up against it" and that money had to be raised for defraying the expenses of publishing the Enterprise by fair means or foul, so they set to work with a will and in February. Mr. Singer gave a lecture on the "Revolution in Russia" preceeded by a musical program. The lecture was well received by the audience and showed a wide knowledge of his subject on Mr. Singer's part.

On March 13th a German farce "Ein Amerikanisches Duell" was presented by some of the members of the Senior German Class under the direction of Mr. Singer. The farce was entirely in German and those taking part handled it like veterans. The cast was as follows:

Frau Helene von Stern Irene Mackay '08
Frauherr von Roden Bryan Rice, '08
Alfeld Joe Glikbarg '09
Charlotte, a companion of Helene.....

..... Belle Rankin '07

Other very enjoyable features of the evening were German songs rendered by members of the German classes.

Right here is a good place for the Seniors to show their appreciation of Mr. Singer, for he was ever ready to help in ways that only he could, and they owe to him much for the success of their efforts.

The "Merchant of Venice, Up-to-Date," the Senior Play, is taken up elsewhere so it is not necessary to dwell upon it here.

Throughout the year sales of different kinds and conditions were held by the Seniors. First there was a Pie Sale held at Morrow's Candy Store, which was so kindly offered for that purpose. As it was held on the day before Thanksgiving the demand for pies was very much greater than the supply, and a neat sum was realized.

Two sales of home made candy were held at school and the candy went like "hot cakes", showing that the P. H. S. has a decidedly "sweet tooth." The "Enterprise

Fund" thrrove splendidly on such an indigestible diet as pie and candy.

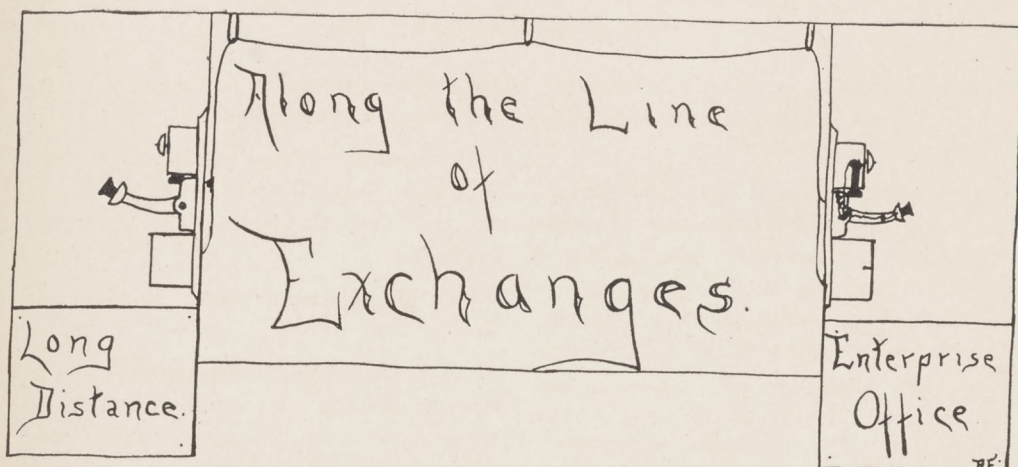
The Sophomores also held some pie sales at school for the purpose of raising money for the reception which they gave the Freshies.

Now for the purely social events of the year.

The greatest social event achieved by the Class of '08, was the reception given to the Class of '07 in the Woodmen Hall in June, 1907. About 150 invitations were issued and "naughty eight" worked hard to make it a success. The main part of the room was decorated in cardinal, the color of '07, but in the corners and covering the table on which fruit punch was served, together with flowers and ferns the gold and white of '08 reigned supreme. The program for the evening was dancing, and everyone seemed to have a very good time indeed.

On January 17, the pupils of the P. H. S. led a very strenuous life, at least the Seniors did, for they were very delightfully entertained at a dinner party at the home of the class president, Russell Boothe, and afterwards all repaired to the Unique Theatre where the Sophmores were giving the regular annual reception to the Freshmen. The dinner party was very enjoyable and will long be remembered by those present. The dining room was very tastefully decorated with gold and white pennants and gold and white predominated in the table decorations. There were many after-dinner speeches and all drank to the health of '08 and the "Enterprise."

The Seniors did not arrive at the reception until very late, but the children seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. The decorations were all down by the time the members of the upper class made their appearance. They were told that the decorations had once been overhead instead of underfoot, but the Freshmen on seeing them were not content until they could get hold of them. Alas! for the Freshies, who like all other babies, on perceiving pretty things must have them in their fingers. Do you suppose they put them in their mouths!



ELLO—Yes this is the P. H. S.

—You wish to speak to the Exchange Editor of the Enterprise, well fire away, here he is—Have we any Exchanges? Why they have been piling up so fast we have hardly been able to keep count of them—What is our best paper? Well, that's rather a hard question to answer, but I think that on the whole the "Porcupine," Santa Rosa—oh, you say you've read it, well then I need say nothing about it as it speaks for itself. It's a good all around paper, is newsy, has a good josh column, touches up athletics fairly well—Yes they're the folks who drew out of our Athletic League this spring; we're too young to play in their class—

Any eastern exchanges? Yes, quite a number. We have, "The Nautilus," Kansas City, say that's a queer name for a paper, printed 1000 miles inland isn't it? "The Forum", St. Joseph, "The Oracle," Johnstown, Pa. and "The Critic", Hackensack, N. J. They're all very good exchanges. Oh, you've read "The Critic," have you? Great paper! Did you notice the exchange column in the February number? It was all right. Their exchange editor has some original notions of her own—Think so, well, you're badly mistaken—Miss Who— Oh, I didn't say Miss anybody, I said you were badly mistaken if you thought the California schools had forgotten us—Why there are so

many of them I won't have time to tell you much about them, but I may mention a few, "The Acorn," Alameda is an excellent paper, a big improvement in the paper it is printed on lately. Say if you want to laugh, get a copy of it and read that josh about Geo. Browning, "The Far Darter," St. Helena is another good one. It is full of interesting stories, but a few cuts would help out wonderfully. Then there's "The Flame," Fruitvale—Oh you have? Say did you read the little poem, entitled "A Modern Sir Launfal"?—No? Well then you missed it, it's great. "The Review", Sacramento, is also very good, but they must certainly be humorists up there, for every thing they had in their paper was funny. Funny isn't it? "The Argus," Tulare is one of the best in arrangement that we get; they seem to have a place for everything and everything in its place. Then we have the "Skirmisher"—Oh it is on your list What did you think of the October cover design?—You know the one with the "minute man" done up in red?—Well you ought to see it, it was fine. "The Owl," Fresno is—All right central we'll be through in a minute—say come up Saturday and I'll show you the complete list of papers—central says we've held this line fifteen minutes, and if we don't ring off she's apt to charge us storage or room-rent or something of the sort. Good-bye. Don't forget to come up Saturday.



Basket Ball



THE boys have done well this year at basket ball, winning almost all the games played. The team consisted of H. Baugh, captain, R. Evans, O. Banta, R. Boothe, and C. Denman, with J. Cavanagh and J. Glikbarg as substitutes. For a while at the first of the year it seemed as if there would be no basket ball at all, but suddenly interest grew and very soon we had two courts in the school yard and another in a warehouse. They were not very good but they served the purpose very well.

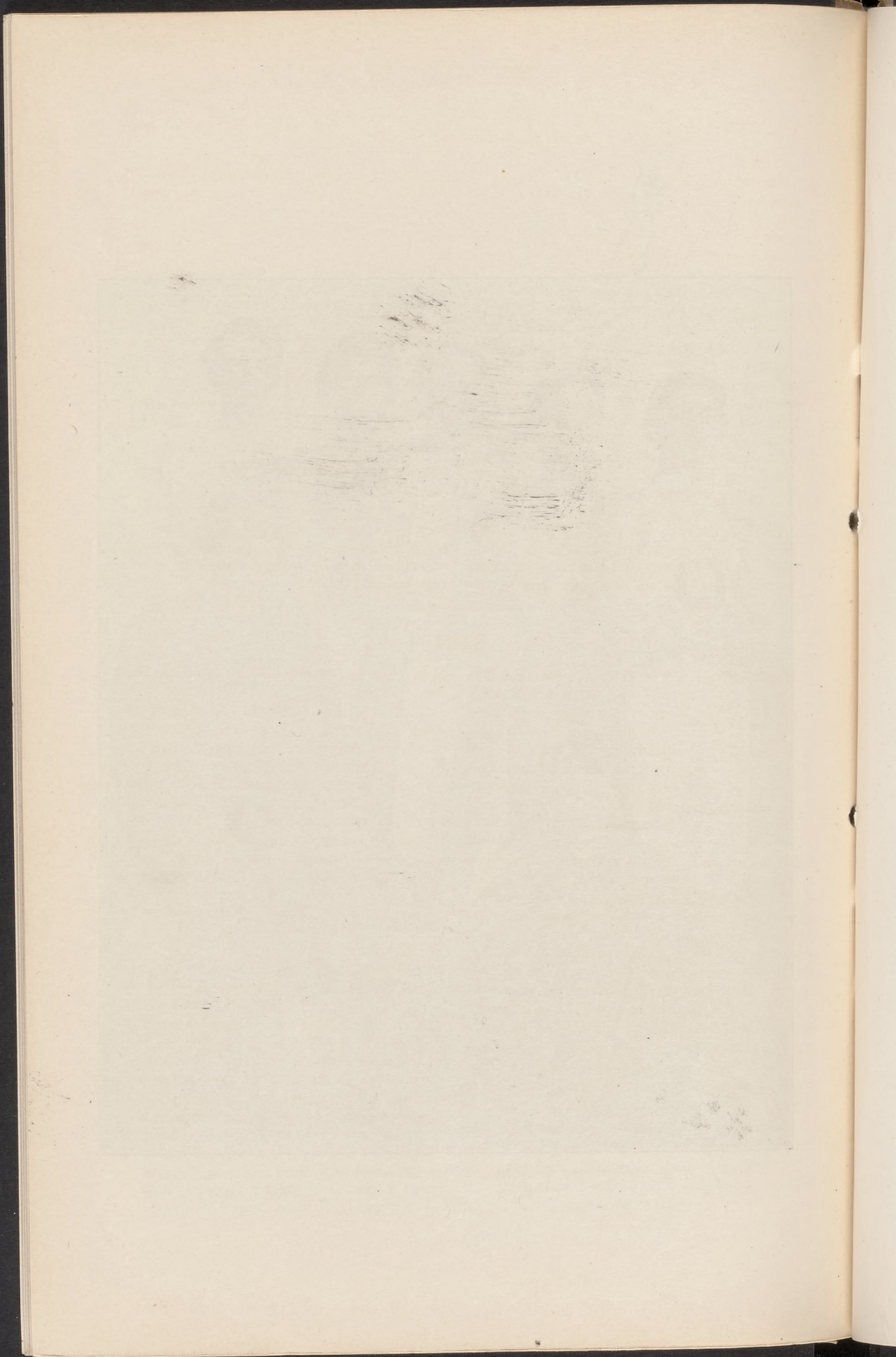
The Freshmen organized a team and bought their own ball. Later on they played the Sophomores, easily defeating them. It is too bad that they did not play more

match games but they got practice which will help them later in their school years.

The first game the school team played was against the Sonoma High School team in Dreamland Rink, November 16. It was such a walk-over that the spectators went away dissatisfied. At the end of the first half the score stood 40 to 1 in our favor. J. Glikbarg and J. Cavanagh were put in in place of the regular guards, R. Boothe and C. Denman and things proceeded almost as before, the end being 69 to 6. The regular guards were not needed to win the game so the subs were given a chance.

The first game with Ukiah High School held in the Armory Hall, was more even. Both teams played well, but the home team won out, score 26 to 19.





The game with Cloverdale High School, held at Cloverdale, was the poorest substitute for a game that P. H. S. ever played. Some how there was no life in it and no one could play well. Petaluma won, 28 to 11, but there was no glory in it for any one.

The second Ukiah game was about the last of the season. The boys went up there to win but became very glum when Baugh sprained his ankle shortly before the game was called. However, J. Cavanagh took his place and the game commenced. It was very exciting all the way through, Petaluma, however, showing better team work and also better individual work than Ukiah. Cavanagh played a fine game as did all the others and there was a jolly crowd of Petaluma boys when the game was finished with the score, 29 to 18, in our favor.

On February 2, we played Santa Rosa Business College in Dreamland Rink, but it was more of a rough and tumble scrimmage on the part of the visiting team than it was

a basket ball game. A team that starts out to win by any possible means, no matter how, just so it wins, is not the kind Petaluma desires to play. Although they scored the most points, 25 to 14, Petaluma deserves most praise in the game, because her boys did not retaliate in kind, but played a clean game to the finish. Cavanagh again filled Baugh's place well, but the visiting boys played their hardest at him and he had an uphill job.

Cloverdale and Ukiah each gave our teams a good reception on our visit to their towns. At Cloverdale almost the whole town was present at the game, and afterwards a fine banquet was provided. At Ukiah there was a crowded house. A good supper was given there also. The boys who played for Petaluma this year hope basket ball will be as good next year as it has been this, and the school expects to win even more honors than it has this year.

Track



THE Track Team this year has done very little worth mentioning. Although the excuse of having no track or suitable training ground is an old one it is very true. Charles Denman (General Manager) and Roy Evans (Track Captain) have done their best to secure the use of a track but found it impossible. The Athletic Association then decided to build its own track around the Washington Grammar School if it could get permission to do so. The Board of Education granted the permission and donated \$25 toward expenses. The members of the City Board said they would try to help us, and many business men kindly gave small sums of money. The student body then showed its appreciation by raising \$25. The track will be ready for next year's team and will improve matters greatly.

The school spirit this year is better, but it is still far from the proper standard. The Freshmen have as much spirit as all the rest of the school put together. They organized a team, elected Captain Robinson, and did some excellent training the results of which was the victory over Sophomores,

both in a dual meet and in the inter-class field day.

The inter-class field-day was won by the Seniors and the Juniors were a close second. The Sophomores allowed the Freshies to beat them out of third place. This meet was held on the hard streets about school and resulted in the sickness of some of our best athletes.

Another cause for our failure is the need of a coach. The boys do not know how to train, nor do they know for which events they are best suited. We have felt the need of a coach very badly in the last few field-days, for the boys have often been entered in the wrong events.

Last fall Evans brought home the only point for Petaluma from the meet of the S. M. A. A. L. He got third place in the 220 yd. hurdles. This spring he shared the only point with Walls. They tied for third in the pole vault.

However, Petaluma High School has gone as low in track athletics as it is ever going, for everything is bright for next year and the boys are determined to redeem for the school some of its former glory on the field and track.

Girls Basket Ball



THE girls' basket ball team started out this term with the determination to uphold the splendid record made by the '06 and '07 teams. At the first of the term Kitty Connolly was elected manager and Sophia Schuler, captain. Very few of the girls showed any enthusiasm but those who did practiced hard on the poor courts which were secured. After two weeks of practice the team journey to Napa

and defeated the Napa High School team by the score of 23-8. This was the only game played during the season. Owing to the fact that the majority of players were unable to meet the requirements in scholarship, the idea of playing many games had to be abandoned. We feel confident that if the girls show more spirit next year, they will again be able to establish a brilliant record, for there is plenty of material in the school if it is only made the most of.

Teacher—Next Friday, class, we'll have a quiz.

Voice from rear—What's that? Soda water?

—Ex.

He sent his son to college

And now he cries "Alack."

I spent ten thousand dollars

And got a quarter-back."

—Ex.

"Pat, do you believe in fate?"

"Sure, what would we be standing on without 'em?"

—Ex.

Mr. Hanswood—"I have made a discovery. The pupils deportment of the pupils varies how?"

Pupil—"Inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk."

—Ex.

Mother (to son just home from college)
"John, bring me a stick of wood."

Son—"Ma'am?"

Father (a graduate of Yale)—"Transport from that recumbent collection of combustible matter upon the threshold of this edifice, the curtailed excrescence of a defunct tree."

—Ex.

Teacher: "What is the Coliseum?"

Student: "A skating rank."

—Ex.

Pat and Mike were looking into a window full of jewelry, watches, etc., when Pat said:

"Moike, how would you like ter have yer pick?"

Mike replied: "I'd rather have me shovel."

—Ex.

Miss Perkins was having a quotation contest in the freshman English class, when she made such a "break" as "never was."

The following is what she said to one of her students:

"One half of me is yours, Otto." We never thought that Miss Perkins would take advantage of Leap Year like that.



HAT it is often times wise to appear foolish and as often times foolish to appear too wise is the Josh Editor's motto (original), also "Laugh and grow fat," (not original. Believing that with these two valuable remarks enough has been said to cover the subject, I remain,

Sincerely yours out of P. H. S.,
JOSH EDITOR.

There is a good fellow named Comstock,
Whose head is as hard as the bed-rock,
If a man with a gas pipe
Tries his money to swipe,
He must hit him a terrible hard knock.

WHY KITTY!

At a meeting of the Junior class the president was asked to speak.

Pres. Lillie—"If thine eye offend thee pluck it out."

Kitty—"Listen to Lillie. She thinks she's smart because she's quoting Shakespeare."

There is a young fellow named Walls,
Who makes a great noise in the halls.

For he jumps on the stair
So you'll know that he's there,
And shakes the whole house when he falls.

Mr. Singer—"Decline the noun, lady."

Jack C.—"Never declined a lady yet, and it's too late to start now."

Stranger—(at the study hall door about 1:30 p. m.)—"What's in here?"

Wise Student—"Daniel in the lion's den."

There is a young fellow named Green,
And he was abnormally lean,
So flat and compressed
That his back touched his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

According to Irene MacKay, a wise senior, Macaulay was found dead in his chair, writing.

WANTED

Some one to tell Miss Walsh what part of the cocoanut is used for chocolate and cocoa.

There is a young fellow named Glick,
Whose skull is remarkably thick,
For all that he learned,
Was very well earned,
It was mostly banged in with a stick.

Roy E.—"This warm weather makes me lazy."

Russel B.—"I like it."

THREE GROANS FOR THE FRESHMEN!

Found in an English ex.—

Demean—to conduct.

The young man demeaned the lady home.

Degrade—lower. The man degraded the stick an inch.

Beside—by the side of. Besides—over and above.

The man is beside the barn. The boy is besides the barn.

WASN'T PLAYING

Miss Bock and Mr. Evans had been conversing in low tones for some time, when Mr. Newell appeared upon the scene and ordered all of those who were only playing to leave the room. Roy reluctantly walked out into the hall, and remarked to a friend, "I wasn't playing, I was in dead earnest."

MAYBE I WAS

When I see a youth with his pants turned up,

And his beautiful socks in view,

And over one eye perched a little round hat,

With a ribbon of mauve or blue,

And the fourteen rings or the seven pins

That he got in his dear prep school,

Why, it strikes a cord, and I say, "Oh,

Lord,

Was I ever that big a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down,

And a cigarette stuck in his face,

And a loud check-coat and a horse-cloth vest,

And a half-inch-wide shoe lace;

And a bunch of hair that hides his ears,

And a line of senseless droll.

Then I paw the sward, as I say, "Oh, Lord,

Was I ever that big a fool?"

—Selected.



Several of the boys can eat their lunches and get to playing hand ball in just ten minutes from the time the gong announces the noon dismissal. Those boys ought to enter the field day, they're speedy.

Mr. Way—"I hurt my foot so badly playing ball that I can't typewrite today."

Query—"How has this boy been accustomed to operate the machine?"

In Physical Geography Ex.—"What is fog?"

Answer—"It's when the atmosphere gets too full of air and it freezes."

It is now twenty weeks before the next field day. Active training will begin in about eighteen weeks. Don't rush matters.

SOME TOASTS

Here's to that one point! May many more be able to make it next year!"

"Here's to the girls!! It's leap year! If they ever get lonesome they have themselves to blame. May they see their opportunity!"

"Here's to the Class of '08! You have lots of Russell, but little industry."

"Here's to the bloomin' teachers! May they blow up before next examination time! No harm intended, but we must protect ourselves!"

The noise frequently heard in the halls is caused by the "loud" paint the janitor used on the sinks. It was the source of great annoyance for a time, but we are getting used to it.

GOOD RULE THAT!

First Year German Student—"Can you tell me how to tell whether to spell a word ie or ei in German? Mr. Singer explained it in class, but I have forgotten."

Mr. Newell—"Certainly, here is a rule which I have used all my life, in other languages besides German, too, and it has never failed with me.—just write the i and e exactly alike and place the dot midway between them."

Wanted—Some stout boys to hold up the hurdles. The hurdles are new and haven't gained strength enough to stand alone yet.

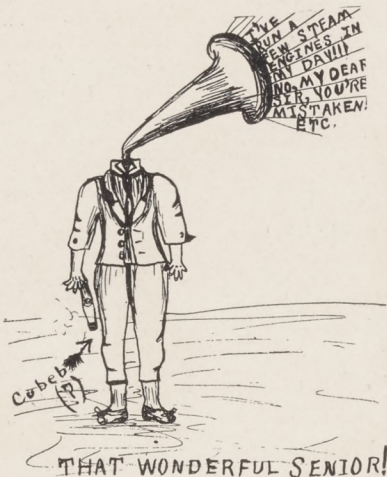
DO YOU KNOW?

There was once a blind carpenter who picked up a hammer, and saw. Then there was a deaf shepherd, who went out with his flocks, and herd. But the greatest miracle of all was the case of the dumb wheelwright, who reached out for a wheel and spcke.—Exchange.

SLIGHTLY HARD OF HEARING

Mr. Way—(dictating in shorthand class)—"May we not sell you some of our new Model Ranges?"

Dorothy M.—"What's that, new mountain ranges?"



PETALUMA VS. CLOVERALE

Denman had a monkey, an ugly sawdust thing,
He went with us to Cloverdale, 'cause Charley held the string.
To the game the monkey went, but ere it was half over,
He found himself so much disliked, poor monkey! he sought cover,
But when we cled victorious, we dragged him from his hole,
And swung him aloft to heaven from the C. H. S. flag-pole.
Although we won the victory, we since have heard this story:
That monkeys are a hoodoo when one goes in for glory.

—R. B. '08.

IT MAY HAPPEN

"What caused the blockade of traffic in this street?"

"A girl's spring hat blew off."—Exchange.

First Soph.—"Why does Shirley Bruce like Byron's poems so well?"

Second Soph.—"Don't you know that? He wrote the poem entitled "The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold," and don't you know that Harold makes a pilgrimage every morning from the front seat in the study hall to one near the back stove?"

Freshman—"Mr. Way, how many ribs has a person "

Mr. Way—"I'm so exceedingly ticklish I never count them."

ONE TOO MANY

Mr. Newell—"Miss McAskill, what is the fall line on the Atlantic slope?"

Miss MsAskill—"Oh, that's were the rivers take a drop."

Senior—"Don't be afraid, little Freshie. I wouldn't hurt a flea."

Freshman—"No doubt you wouldn't. It takes a clever man to hurt a flea."

There's a boy by the name of MacKay,
Who is tardy about once a day,

We expect pretty soon,
He will get here by noon,—
Perhaps he won't get here today.

POOR PUSS!

Mr. Singer killed his cat,
'Cause it never caught a rat,
Well, he didn't have a gun,
So he thought he'd have some fun,
And he drowned it in his stove-pipe-hat.

As Bryan was going up Liberty street
He met a maiden coy and neat.
"Oh, if I had five cents today
I'd spend it on this maiden gay."

Poor little Willie all shaven and shorn,
Whose hair was clipped one cold May morn.
Why should they treat poor Willie amiss?
Johnnie and Emil shall answer for this.

• Beany-cap Frankie has come to stay,
He sports a new beany-cap most every day.

NOT THE WHOLE CHEESE!

Miss D. to M. G., R. E., and R. B.—"I wish the senior class would stop talking."

Hey diddle diddle, Peck and his fiddle,
Charley stepped over the moon;
Little Joe laughed to see such sport,
And Johnnie ran off to spoon.

"Johnnie dear, Johnnie dear, where have you been?"

"Over the hill to see my queen;"
"Johnnie dear, Johnnie dear, what did you then?"

"Then I went home, but I'll go there again."

Irene sits beside the fire,
Irene young and fair;
When in walks little Russell—
"Oh, Renie, are you there?"

Mary Menary, quite contrary,
What made you grow so tall?
You used to be about two feet
But now you aren't so small.

Teacher—"Letha, how many pecks are there in a bushel?"

Aletha—(thinking of Percy) "One."

First Girl, on the stairs—"My, what a dust! Is the janitor sweeping at this time of day?"

Second Gird—"Sh—h—h! Mr. Singer is dusting his shoes after playing a game of handball!"

?

Why did the football team never play but one game, which they won?

Why did all of the class of '08 miss binder strings (shoe strings) just after Miss P. went east?

Why did Mr. Newell, on spying his one brilliant shoe, suddenly leave History recitation for town?

THOSE OLD YELLOW PAPERS!

Still haunting my sight are those old yellow papers,
Those yellow Ex papers of High School renown,
That greeted our sight as we entered the class-room
Brought glare to the eye, to the forehead a frown.
Those beautiful leaflets, those straw colored leaflets,
Those beautiful leaflets of High School renown.
Oh many's the time we have studied for Ex's,
We've crammed till our minds they could hold nothing more;
We've poured it all forth on that straw colored paper—
We scribbled and wrote till our fingers were sore.
That sleep-robbing cramming, the midnight oil burning,
That made us feel languid and cross-grained and sore.
That bright yellow paper we leave with best wishes
To next year's bright Seniors their patience to try;
So with a last look and our class benediction
We bid them a cheerful and lasting goodbye.
Those yellow Ex papers that gave us the night-mare.
And made us feel ALMOST as if we would die.
—V. A. B. '08.

WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL—

If Russell didn't like Irene?
If Bryan wasn't talking?
If Harry H. didn't have his mouth open?
If Rowena B. didn't know the whole book?
If Gladys G. didn't try to make a hit
If Chas. G. was sensible?
If Myra G. didn't try to run things?
If Mr. Newell didn't hand somebody a lemon?
If Robert M. was dreaming?
If Miss Daniel was in earnest?
If Ruth T. wasn't playing innocent to Mr. Singer?
If Craig A. didn't have to stay after school?
If John C. wasn't queening?
If Lorene M. didn't butt in?
If Joe G. wasn't inquisitive?
If Alice wasn't escorted home from school?
If Anita N. and Helen M. weren't giggling?
If Miss Perkins didn't take a header?
If Oliver B. wasn't a good little boy?
If Burns W. and Emil N. didn't get a free lunch after the Unique?
If the chicken next door couldn't drown out Myra and Bryan?

STUNG! JOHN

J. C.—“Give me that pink carnation.”
G. G.—“No. I'm saving that for my best fellow.”
(C. D. appears later with that carnation in his button-hole.)

HOW SHOULD HE KNOW?

Ruth—“I never saw green twilight.”
Bryan—“No, Ruth prefers moon light.”



RUTH. OUR ANGEL.

187R Milhe

Alumni



NOWING that all are interested in those who have attended this school, we have endeavored as far as possible to locate everybody belonging to our long list of Alumni. In glancing over the columns, it will be a surprise to many, to see the vast number of persons who have once been enrolled as members of this High

School, and the high positions in various walks of life which many of them are now holding. And, no doubt, you will come to the conclusion that Petaluma High School, although not large, is not so unimportant after all, for it has had a share in turning out men and women who are making their mark in the world.



Class of '75.

Ed. D. Hedges—With Camm & Hedges Lumber firm, Petaluma.

Irving Ranard—Book-keeper in a Hanford grocery store.

Class of '76.

Mrs. Emma Elder Cany—New York.

Arthur L. Whitney—Proprietor of Leslie Salt Works in San Mateo County.

John P. Craig—Theatrical Critic, Petaluma.

Mrs. Mary Hinkle Zook—San Rafael.

Chas. F. Munday—Attorney in Seattle.

Ed. Chapman—Real Estate Agent, Oakland.

Class of '77.

Frank Cromwell—Attorney in Petaluma; late of State Legislature.

Allie Berger—San Francisco.

Louis Valentine—Attorney in Los Angeles. Late United States District Attorney.

Mrs. Fanny Davidson Cooper—Ukiah.

Mrs. Sadie Wright Sheldon—Oakland.

Mrs. Maggie Young Davis—Teacher in Berkeley.

Frank Towne—Druggist in San Francisco.

George Jewell—Humboldt County.

John Naughton—Attorney in San Francisco.

Mary Ward—Oregon.

Mrs. Clara Sproule Ivancovich—Petaluma.

J. A. Green—Druggist in Sacramento.

Mrs. Etta Elder Mucon—Residing in one of the Bay cities.

Class of '78.

Mrs. Kate Zartman Rankin—Petaluma.

Mrs. Ella Gale McPhail—Teacher of Union School near Petaluma.

Gil P. Hall—Lawyer in Petaluma.

Geo. W. Gaston—Rancher in Two Rock.

Class of '79.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson Fairbrother—San Francisco.

Ed Lippitt—Prof. of Music in Petaluma.

Jennie Cavanagh—Petaluma.

Mrs. Linnie Lawrence Dalton—San Francisco.

Mrs. Nettie Fairbanks Higbee—Petaluma.

Dan Brown—Banker in Fresno.

Mrs. Etta Ranard Wright—Hanford.

Mrs. Sadie Rutherford Lightner—San Francisco.

George Reynolds—Santa Rosa.

Wm. Benson—Rancher near Santa Rosa.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08.

Susie Ward.—Oregon.

Mrs. Alice Vestal Kopf—Petaluma. ✓
Ed Carpenter—Oakland.

Class of '80.

Mrs. Laura Benson Ward—Residing near Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Rose Miller Shiack—Seattle.

George Reynolds—

Mrs. Mary Casey Kinslow—Santa Rosa...

Alice Munday—Teacher in Seattle.

Mrs. Mattie Benson Miller—Residing between Sonoma and Napa.

Mrs. Edee Holton Nelson—Residing in one of the Bay cities.

✓ Mrs. Carrie Cadwell Atwater—Petaluma. ✓

Joe Bernard—State of Washington.

✓ Mrs. Eva Barlow Mordecai—Residing on a ranch in Two Rock.

Mrs. Rose Hewitt Alexander—San Rafael.

Class of '81.

Charles Miller—Rancher, between Sonoma and Napa.

J. W. Lawrence—Rancher at Two Rock.

Mrs. Flora Bowman McCloud—York, Nebraska.

George Davidson—San Francisco.

Mrs. Francis Peters Scott—Novato.

Mrs. Eva Maynard Fairbanks—Berkeley.

C. M. C. Peters—Attorney in Shasta.

Class of '82.

Anna Casey—Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Minnie Laird Parker—Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Kittie Singley Blake—San Louis Obispo.

Mrs. Florence Towne McNear—Sacramento.

✓ Lyman Green—Attorney in Petaluma. ✓

Mrs. Janette Parker Perry—San Francisco

✓ John R. Denman—Dairyman near Petaluma. ✓

Ora Peoples—Oregon.

Geo. Baxter—President First National Bank, Berkeley.

Mrs. Laura Cavanagh Whitney—Residing in Healdsburg.

Mrs. Rose Ayers Blakeley—

John Kelly—Tiburon.

Mrs. Alice Tuttle Elkins—Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Kate Mitchell Short.—

Class of '83.

✓ Mrs. Jennie Lovejoy Spotswood—San Francisco. ✓

Mrs. Louis Preston Goulder—State of Washington.

✓ Mrs. Myrtle Lawrence Winans—Petaluma. ✓

Mrs. Aletha Shattuck Ellsworth—San Francisco.

✓ Dan R. Stewart—Rancher near Lakeville.

✓ Cassie McGlynn—Petaluma.

Mrs. Lizzie Madler Stafford—Residing in one of the Bay cities.

✓ Charles Egan—Egan Bros. Grocery Store, Petaluma. ✓

✓ Hattie Wiswell—Petaluma. ✓

Mrs. Wilma Davidson McNabb—San Francisco.

Class of '84.

Bertha Camm—San Francisco.

Charles Campbell—Attorney in San Francisco.

Mrs. Annie Craig Bradley—Ukiah.

Lawrence Thompson—Attorney in Seattle.

Maggie Carr—Married and Residing in Canada.

✓ Thomas Studdert—Printer in Petaluma. ✓

Wm. A. Chapman—Rancher near Petaluma.

Edna Young. —

✓ Mrs. Lulu Hopkins Zartman—Petaluma. ✓

Theresa Murray—Teacher of Liberty School, near Petaluma. ✓

Regie Allen—Dentist in Oakland.

Charles Bowman —

✓ Mrs. Bessie Brown Gummer—McCloud. ✓

Mrs. Fannie Munday Cox—Seattle.

Prof. Daniel White—Superintendent of Schools in Solano County.

Anna Averill—San Francisco.

Charles Freeman—Rancher near Petaluma.

Emmet Benson—Rancher near Petaluma.

Class of '85.

✓ Florence Mauzy—Teacher of Bethel School, near Petaluma. ✓

Charles Lynch—Attorney in San Francisco.

Emma Peters—Conducting Roselawn Sanitarium, with her sister, Jessie Peters.

John Peters—Rancher near Petaluma. ✓

George Sweeney—San Francisco.

Albert Corliss—Rancher near Two Rock.

Tarleton Eastman—Berkeley.

Mrs. Nellie Doyle Hood—Santa Rosa.

Stephen Cavanagh—Doctor in Olema.

Class of '85.

Mrs. Eddie Houx Moffit—Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lizzie Fairbanks Hill—Petaluma.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08.

✓ Mrs. Cora Derby Benson—Residing near Petaluma.

James Sweeney—Lawyer in San Francisco.

Elvus Brandon—Dairyman in Hick's Valley, near Petaluma.

Johnathan Green—Doctor in San Francisco.

✓ Alice Davidson—Petaluma.

Class of '86.

Mrs. Kate Hinkle Morrow—San Francisco.

Mrs. Gertrude Symonds Green—San Francisco.

✓ Mrs. Nellie Egan McNear—Petaluma.

Kate Geohagan—~~Miner~~ *Acti, Cal* in San Francisco.

Mrs. Jennie Ackerman Patterson—San Francisco.

Richard Craig—Residing near Petaluma.

Martha Thompson—Petaluma.

Mrs. Helen Graves Byrne—Santa Cruz.

Dell Jewell—Oakland.

✓ Mrs. Martha Tharp Sales—Petaluma.

Mrs. Juanita Conley Cutting—Pacific Grove.

✓ Mrs. Rebecca Bowman Shader—Petaluma.

Wallace Thompson—Attorney in San Francisco.

Alfred Veghte ———.

John McCarty—San Francisco.

Gertrude Winans—Petaluma.

J. Rollo Leppo—Attorney in Santa Rosa.

✓ Harry Gossage—Doctor in Petaluma.

Will Fairbanks—Capitalist in Alaska.

Mrs. Clara Charles Hanger—Residing on a raisin ranch, near Fresno.

Frank Davidson—San Francisco.

Class of '87.

William Gentry—Attorney.

Will DeTurk—With McNear Auto Co, Petaluma.

Isadore J. Cereghino—Lawyer in San Francisco.

✓ John McNear—With McNear Auto Co., Petaluma.

Lulu Leppo—Santa Rosa.

Anna Palmer—School Teacher.

Edwin Heald—In Petaluma Post-office.

Hugh Miller—Rancher in Napa County.

George Miller—Rancher in Napa County.

Mrs. Libbie Barlow MacNeil—Honolulu.

Maggie Murray—Book-keeper for Schluckebier Hardware Co., Petaluma.

Alfred Borlini—Santa Rosa—Exploring Mining region, Tonopah.

Lena Cox—Los Angeles.

Mrs. Effie Houx Biglow—Residing near Sonoma.

Mary Flannery—San Francisco.

Anna McDowell—Trained Nurse in San Francisco.

Class of '88.

Harry Allen—San Francisco Business Man

Bertha Leeds—San Francisco.

✓ Ella Cavanagh—Petaluma.

Mrs. Carrie Shaver Jameson—Haywards.

Mrs. Christine Dinsmore Williams—San Francisco.

✓ Mrs. Freda Clemenson Wilson—Petaluma.

Stephen Costello—Attorney in San Francisco.

Mrs. Nannie Mae Lewis Moles—San Francisco.

✓ Alice C. Brown—Teacher in Petaluma School Department.

Anna C. Graves—Trained nurse in Alameda.

Mrs. Gertrude Kuffe Fletcher—Oakland.

Class of '89.

✓ Maud Newberry—Teacher in Petaluma School Department.

Christon Maack—Rancher, Marin County.

Hall Lewis—Attorney in San Francisco.

Mrs. Minnie Scott Howard—Petaluma.

Mrs. Josie Davidson Brobeck—Berkeley.

David Reese—Newspaper in San Louis Obispo.

✓ Daniel Egan—Member of firm of Egan Bros., Grocers, Petaluma.

Carlton Valentine—Photographer, Los Angeles.

✓ Emmett Counihan—Foreman Corliss Machine Works, Petaluma.

Class of '90.

James L. Dinwiddie—Member of Real Estate Firm of Brainerd, Houx and Dinwiddie.

Harry Cox—In Express business .Petaluma.

✓ Mrs. Etta Miller Gutermute—Residing near Petaluma.

✓ Harry Gwinn—Cashier of Petaluma National Bank, Petaluma.

Neppie Veghte ———.

✓ Mary Adams—Teacher in Petaluma School Department.

Mrs. Cora Peoples Chapman—Australia.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08

Class of '91.

Henry Newburg—Attorney in San Francisco.
 ✓ Arthur Tibbitts—Dentist, Petaluma.
 Arthur Kendall—Rancher.
 Hattie Allen—Married and residing in Napa.
 Harry Symonds—Attorney in San Francisco.
 ✓ Emma Cavanagh—Petaluma.
 Edwin S. McGrew—Honolulu.
 Mrs. Mattie Davidson Delaney—San Francisco.
 Robert B. Downie—San Francisco.
 Daisy Show—Married and residing at Sutter's Creek.
 ✓ George Murphy—Manager for the George P. McNear Feed Store.

Class of '92.

Jessie Peters—Conducting Roselawn Sanitarium, Petaluma.
 Mrs. Grace Maynard Nelson—San Francisco.
 Pearle Scudder—Married and residing in San Francisco.
 ✓ Will T. Mooney—Lawyer in San Francisco.
 Elizabeth Whitney—Teacher.
 Ella Johnson ———.
 ✓ Mrs. Minnie Warner McCarger—Petaluma.
 ✓ Emma Matzenbach—Teacher in Petaluma School Department.
 Effie D. Barber. ———.
 ✓ Mrs. Gertrude Hopkins White—Petaluma.
 ✓ Mrs. Lillie Haskins Gray—Petaluma.
 Albert Powell ———.
 Charles Thomas—Attorney in Berkeley.
 Maud Green—Teacher in Sacramento High School.
 Henry Gugliemetti—Residing on a ranch near Petaluma.
 Charles Clemenson—San Rafael.

Class of '93.

✓ Mrs. Ada Putnam Bickford—Residing in Napa.
 ✓ Millie Farrell—Teacher in Petaluma School Department.
 Gustavus Bruckerman ———.
 ✓ Lester Parker Hall—Doctor at Dixon.
 ✓ Harold R. Campbell—With Petaluma Incubator Co., and member of Board of Education of Petaluma.
 T. Milton Putnam—Prof. in Math. Department at U. C.

Class of '94.

Mrs. Lucy Mills Pelt—Guerneville.
 Fred Bartley ———.
 George A. Lynch—Attorney in San Francisco.
 Ida Kimball ———.
 Joseph Rafael—Attorney in Sebastopol.
 ✓ Helen M. Anderson—Teacher.
 Mattie E. Fine—Teacher.
 Arthur J. Todd—Goodyear Rubber Co., San Francisco.
 Will P. Dunn—Petaluma.
 Wildrie F. Hynes—Electrical Engineer, lately returned from Honolulu.
 John Thompson—Carpenter, Petaluma.
 Harold R. Campbell—Graduated from Commercial Department.

Class of '95.

Grave Charlotte Buckley ———.
 Mrs. Georgie C. Graves Boswell—Arizona.
 Albert James Anderson—Mining Engineer Arizona.
 Frederick Martin—Petaluma.
 William Otto Matthies—Reporter for San Francisco Examiner.
 Edna Lois Gilbert—Arizona.
 ✓ Mrs. Lillian Lewis Gamage—Petaluma.
 Harold Martin—Rancher, Two Rock.
 Frederick Ralph Starke—Residing in Napa.

Class of '96.

✓ Mrs. Ella Ormsby Putnam—Petaluma.
 ✓ Stuart Zeno Peoples—Doctor, and member of Board of Education in Petaluma.
 ✓ Mrs. Edith Goodman Gill—Petaluma.
 ✓ Mrs. Stella Falkner Hall—Petaluma.
 Mrs. Mary Counihan Smith—Residing on ranch near Petaluma.
 Henry Phillips—In San Francisco.
 Hanna Dorothy King—Residing in Petaluma.
 ✓ Mrs. Edith Mary Lewis White—Bisbee, Arizona.
 Marcus Herndon Goshen—Seattle.
 Mary Elizabeth Glenn—Humboldt County.
 George Hays—Dentist in San Francisco.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08.

Class of '97.

George Randall Alexander—Bookkeeper for Southern Pacific Railroad, San Francisco.

Agnes Elizabeth Brown—Teacher in Miss Hamilton's School for Young Ladies in San Francisco.

Charles Arbuckle Goshen—San Francisco.

Nellie Marie Loughnane—San Francisco.

Thomas Talbot McGuire—Druggist in Petaluma.

Rodney Jay Putnam—Messenger between Petaluma and San Francisco.

Myrtle Coinne Thompson—Seattle

Class of '98.

Daniel W. Kamp—In Kamp's Livery Stable, Petaluma.

William J. White—Bookkeeper in San Francisco.

Hill B. Graves—Santa Barbara.

Hiram Hopkins—With G. P. McNear, Petaluma.

Class of '99

Mrs. Ethel Harford Deane—Ukiah.

Mrs. Joce Houx Olmsted—Petaluma.

Mrs. Mattie E. Wilson Scott—Petaluma.

Werner Dietz—Civil Engineer.

Rev. Frank Gale—Methodist Minister in Oakland.

John W. Peoples—Dentist in Petaluma.

Class of '00

Grace V. Dean—Petaluma.

Joseph Schuman—San Francisco.

Frank Costello—Attorney in San Francisco.

Birdie Mooney—Petaluma.

Lulu Matzenbach—Petaluma.

Mabel C. Sweed—Petaluma.

Archie M. Alexander—San Francisco.

Mabel Matzenbach—Petaluma.

Mrs. Mae Melehan Howard—Seattle.

Class of '01.

Romildo Edward Perinoni—Petaluma.

Grace Elizabeth Barlow—Married and residing in the East.

Eva Dean—Petaluma.

Pearl Houx—Petaluma.

Lena Lyle Hunt—Stenographer, San Francisco.

Mrs. Gretchen Rost Roberts—Sacramento.

Hester Hunt—Teaching near Cloverdale.

Clyde Healy—Berkeley.

Crystal Harford—Teacher.

Class of '02

Sarah Bookenoogen—Benicia.

Mrs. Zada Smith Ott—Petaluma.

Class of '03.

Opal Hayes—Teacher near Petaluma.

Carrie Mills—Trained Nurse in San Francisco.

Elsa Schluckebier—Teacher of Spanish in Berkeley High School.

Lou Silvey ———.

Edna Rodgers—With Petaluma Poultry Journal.

Floyd McAllister—Draftsman, Sterling City, Butte County.

Lewis Cromwell—Traveling for Paint Firm of San Francisco.

Herbert Brainerd—Attending University of California.

Thomas Winsor—Electrical Engineer Navy Yard, Vallejo.

Tessie Sweed—Petaluma.

Class of '04.

J. Walter Foster—With H. S. Gutermute, Petaluma.

Ray Corliss—Rancher near Petaluma.

John Lauritzen—Mate on Steamer Gold, Petaluma.

Martin Poehlman—Sonoma County Bank, Petaluma.

Allie Anderson—Studying medicine in San Francisco.

Emma Hyatt—In Petaluma Post-office.

Ruby McGuire—Petaluma.

Mae Purvine—Teacher of Iowa School.

Elizabeth Haran—Residing near Petaluma.

Ida Perinoni—In Baldwin Bakery, Petaluma.

Genevieve Martinelli—Reclamation.

Nelly T. Burns—Petaluma.

Mrs. Ada Stone Ames—New Castle.

Class of '05.

Myrtle Nell Healy—Attending University of California.

Ludwig Schluckebier—Petaluma.

Mrs. Irene Grace Hastings Ledbetter—San Jose.

Edith Brake—Penn Grove.

Lillian Mattei—Teaching school at San Anselmo.

Clare Stratton—Petaluma.

Mrs. Olive Early Ayers—Fresno.

Ruth McGuire—Petaluma.

Wm. A. Lewis—Attending University of California.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '08.

✓ Ruby E. Haskell—Petaluma.
Florence Mills—Training to be a nurse in San Francisco.
Mrs. Gertrude Wilder Hutchins—San Francisco.
✓ Helen Poehlman—Petaluma.
Treasure Sterling Ellis—Petaluma.
Evelyn Louise Hall—Petaluma.

Class of '06.

Dulcie Bales—Residing near Sebastopol.
✓ Malcolm Byce—With Petaluma Incubator Company.
✓ Florentine Schluckebier—With Schluckebier Hardware Company.
Millen Winsor—Attending University of the Pacific, San Jose.
George Mills—With Electric Plant, Petaluma.
Elizabeth Drennon—San Francisco.
Lenora Gage—Telephone Operator, Petaluma.
Marion D. Falconer—In drug store in Salinas.
Corallynne McGovern—Bookkeeper for Wilson & Smith, Petaluma.
Mata Meyerholtz—Petaluma.
Otto H. Long—With Dodge, Sweeney & Co., Petaluma.
Emma L. Oeltjen—Bookkeeper for Hickey & Vonsen, Petaluma.
Helen E. Peters—Attending San Francisco State Normal.
Cecili E. Mills—Attending Stanford University.
Frances R. Smith—Petaluma.
Mrs. Ruth Pierce George—Residing near Petaluma.
Paula Freyschlag—Attending State Normal, San Jose.

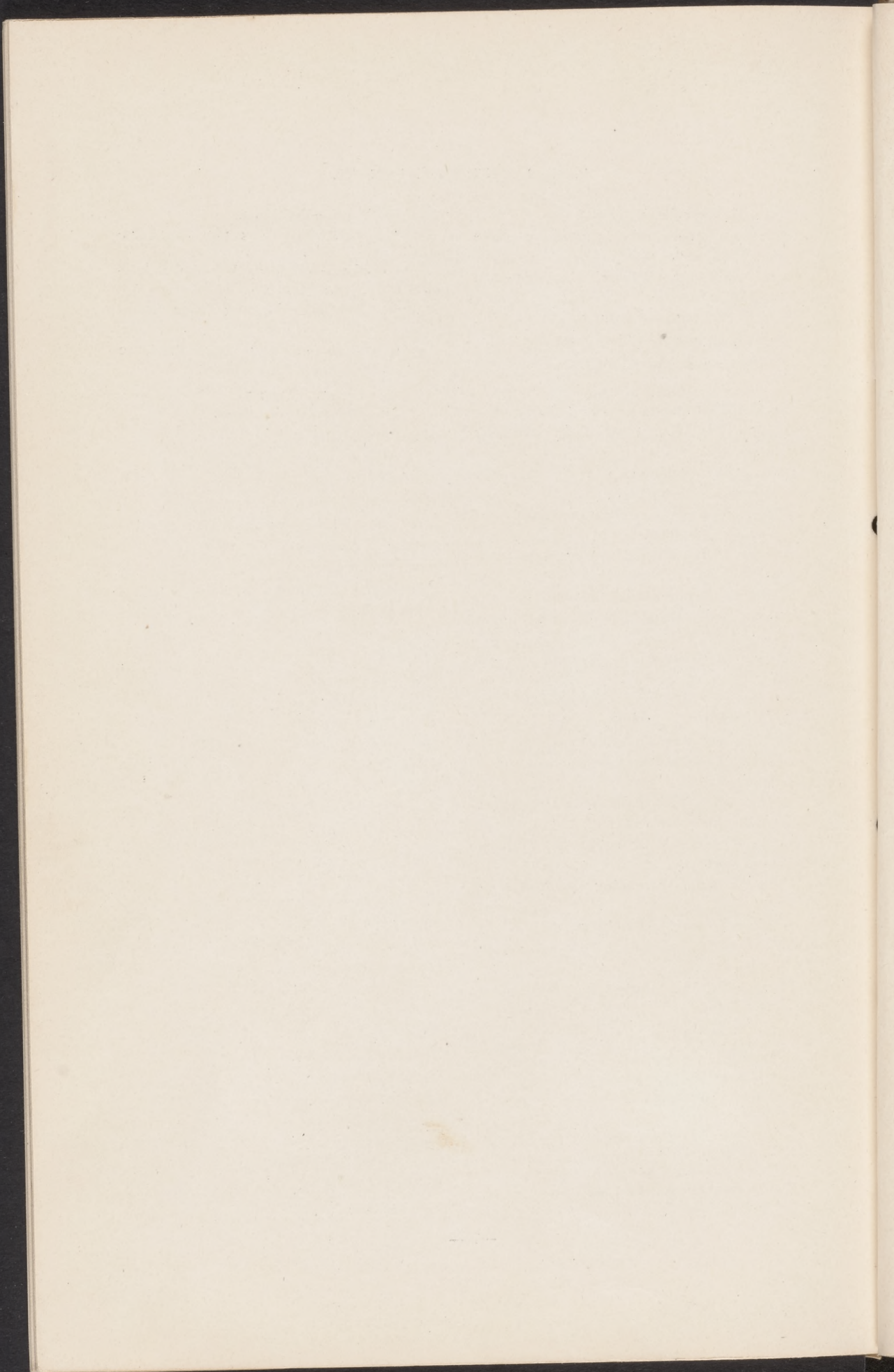
Class of '07.

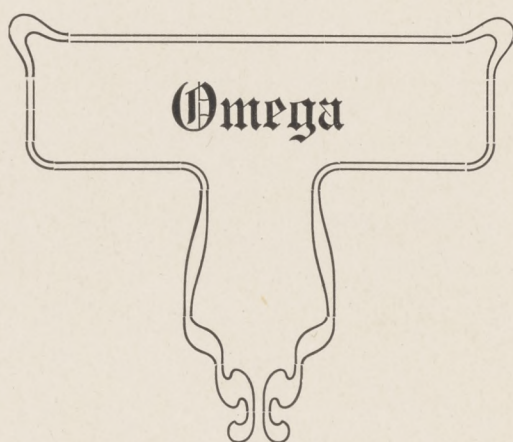
✓ Belle Rankin—Petaluma.
Helen Purvine—Two Rock.
Leo Hart—With Golden Eagle Milling Co., Petaluma.
Susy May Cheesewright—Public Stenographer, Petaluma.
Roy Butin—San Francisco.
Bonita McKinney—Attending San Francisco State Normal.

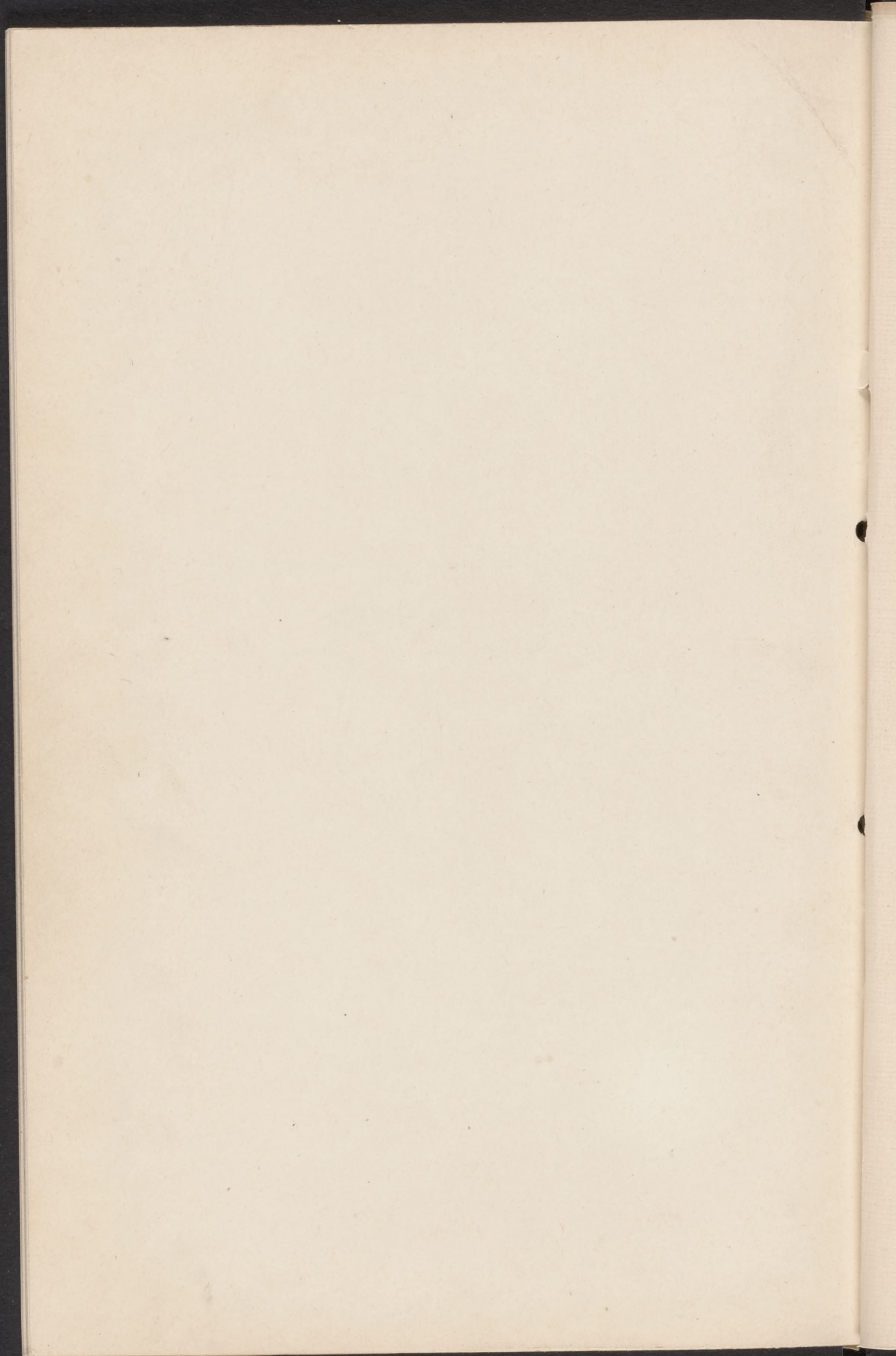
✓ Mabel Fritsch—Petaluma.
Josie Mooney—Attending San Jose Normal.
Nelle Graham—Stenographer for Petaluma & Santa Rosa R. R. Co., Petaluma.
Volkert Faltings—Residing near Petaluma.
Lorin Church—Taking Post Graduate Course, Santa Rosa High School.

Deceased Members.

Mrs. Jennie Otis McNear, '75.
Mrs. Jennie Gilbert Faire, '75.
Marie Fuller, '76.
Mrs. Nellie Morse Van Arsdale, '76.
Mrs. Alice Walker January, '77.
Arthur L. Pierce, '79.
Fred Wickersham
Mrs. Nettie Gill Robinson, '80.
Thomas Rutherford, '87.
Henry Cornwall, '81.
Jamie Allen, '84.
Isabel Brown, '84.
Leland Falkner, '86.
Zoe Clark, '87.
Merton C. Allen, '87.
Birdie Bloom, '88.
Agnes Jones, '93.
Mrs. Vivien Gray Davidson, '96.
Lester Towne, '77.
Walter Hinkle, '78.
Charles Towne, '80.
Mrs. Annie Weeks Jenkins, '81.
Melvil Holton, '81.
George W. Heald, '82.
Luther Jones, '82.
Thomas Barlow, '84.
Everett Charles, '84.
Emma Tupper, '87.
Albion Whitney, '87.
Morton Stockdale, '89.
Elmer Brown, '99.
Ray Williams, '99.
Errick Maack, '91.
Jennie Elizabeth Jones, '95.
William Kelley, '79.
Ada Skinner, '94.

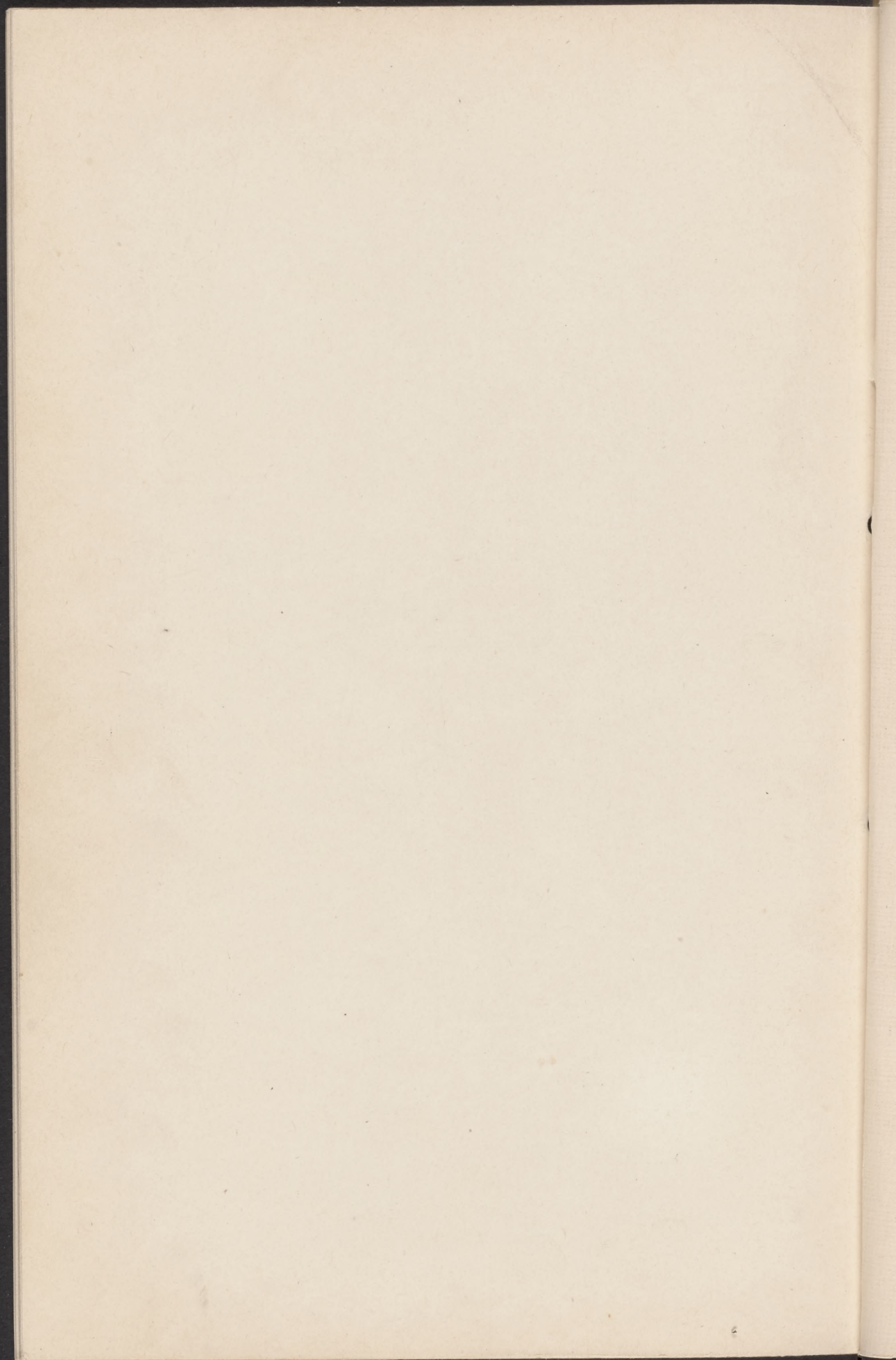






Petaluma
High
School

"According to Our
Power"



1815

